PVRITVS
LA LINGVA
TVRPILOQVA LINGVA

THE

Pſalm Singer's Guide:

BEING

A Choice Collection of the moſt Uſeful Tunes of the *PSALMS*, in Two Three, and Four Parts, the Upper Parts being all in the *G-ſol-re-ut* Cliff: With *Pſalms* and *Hymns* on ſeveral Occaſions.

ALSO

Some new Tunes for the New Verſion of *PSALMS*.

Collected and Compoſ'd by Edm. Ireland,
And Taught by
J. Hall, E. Micklewhait, and *R. Sowerby*.

The *Third Edition* with Additions.

I will ſing with the Spirit, *and I will ſing with the Underſtanding alſo.* 1 Cor. 14, 15.

YORK:

Printed for the Author, and are to be ſold by *Robert Jeeb*, Bookſeller in the Pavement in *York*; and *Arthur Betteſworth* at the *Red-Lyon* in *Paternoſter-Row, London.* 1719.

Reaſons ſet down (to perſwade People to Learn Pſalmody*) by* William Byrd, *Gentleman of the Chappel Royal, in the Reign of Queen* Elizabeth.

FIrſt, It is a Knowledge eaſily taught, and quickly learned, where there is a good Maſter and an apt Schollar.

2. The Exerciſe of Singing is delightful to Nature, and good to preſerve the Health of Man.

3. It doth ſtrengthen all Parts of the Breaſt, and doth open the Pipes.

4. It is a ſingular good Remedy for a Stuttering and Stammering in the Speech.

5. It is the beſt Means to procure a perfect Pronunciation, and to make a good Poetical Orator.

6. It is the only way to know where Nature hath beſtow'd the Benefit of a good Voice, which excellent Gift in Many is altogether loſt, becauſe they want Art to expreſs Nature.

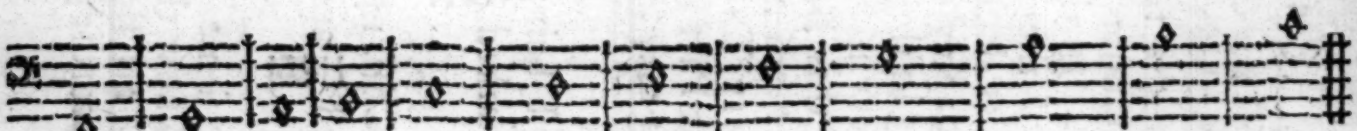
7. There is not any Muſick of Inſtruments whatſoever Comparable to that which is made of the Voices of Men, eſpecially where the Voices are good, and the ſame well ſorted and ordered.

8. The better the Voice is, the meeter it is to honour and ſerve God therewith, and the Voice of Man is chiefly to be imploy'd to that end.

Omnis ſpiritus laudet Dominum.

The GAMUT or Scale of MUSICK.

D-la-Sol-re E-la-mi F-fa-ut G-ſol-re-ut A-la-mi-re B-fa-b-mi C-ſol-fa D-la-ſol E-la F-fa-ut G-ſol-re-ut.



F-fa-ut Gam-ut A-re B-mi C-fa-ut D-ſol-re E-la-mi F-fa-ut G-ſol-re-ut A-la-mi-re Bfabmi Cſolfaut.

To Attain the Skill of *Muſick*'s Art, Learn *Gamut* up and down by heart.

The *Gamut* is the Ground of all *Muſick*, both Vocal and Inſtrumental, which the Practitioner ought to have in Memory; otherwiſe he cannot underſtand what he Sings or Plays. In the *Gamut* you are to take Notice of the *Claves* or *Cliffs*; for *Clave* or *Cliff* is derived from the word *Clavis*, it being a Key or Guide to open the Underſtanding in the Art of *Muſick*, there being in all Seven, but only Two ſigned *Cliffs* uſed in this Book, which of Neceſſity one of them muſt be ſet at the Beginning of every Tune, or elſe it cannot be known what Part it is, whether *Cantus* or *Baſſus*: You may ſee how they ſtand in the *Gamut*.

F-fa-ut Cliff being upon the Fourth Line is thus marked and is proper only to the *Baſſe*.

G-Sol-re-ut Cliff, upon the Second Line, is thus marked and proper to the *three upper Parts*.

I ſhall give ſome Directions how the Learner may know the Notes; *Mi* is the maſter Note, all the reſt do follow in their order, according to theſe Verſes.

No Man can Sing true at firſt ſight,
Unleſs he names his Notes aright;
Which ſoon are learnt, if that your Mi
You know its Place where e're it lie.

(For)

The Notes above your Mi, *they be*
Twice Fa Sol La, *as you may ſee;*
The Notes which under Mi *do fall,*
Twice La Sol Fa *you are to call,*
And every Eighth the Mi *doth fall.*

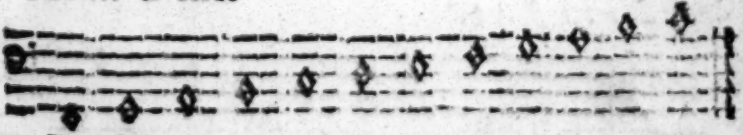
Examples of the *Mi.*

If neither Flat, *nor* Sharp *you ſee,*
Then you muſt find your Mi *in* B

Mi in B-fa-b-mi.

Sol la fa Sol la Mi Fa ſol la Fa ſol la

Mi in B-mi.



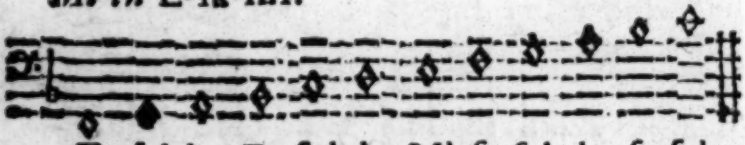
Fa ſol la Mi Fa ſol la Fa ſol la Mi fa

But if your B *alone be flat,*
Then E *is* Mi *obſerve you that.*

Mi in E-la.

La Mi fa ſol la fa ſol la Mi fa ſol la

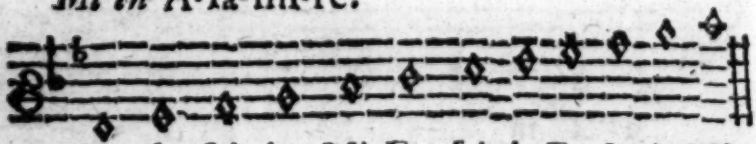
Mi in E-la-mi.



Fa ſol la Fa ſol la Mi fa ſol la fa ſol

If both be flat your B *and* E,
Then A *is* Mi *as you may ſee.*

Mi in A-la-mi-re.



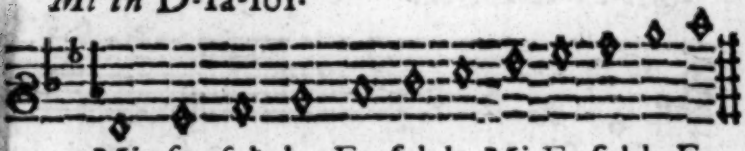
La fa ſol la Mi Fa ſol la Fa ſol la Mi

Mi in A-re.

Sol la Mi Fa ſol la Fa ſol la Mi fa ſol

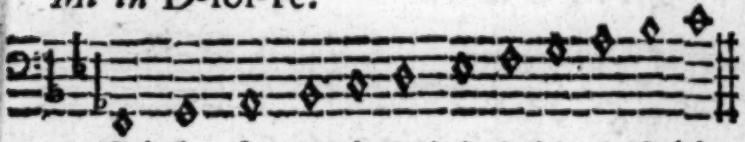
If all be Flat, A, E, *and* B.
Then you muſt find your Mi *in* D.

Mi in D-la-ſol.



Mi fa ſol la Fa ſol la Mi Fa ſol la Fa

Mi in D-ſol-re.



Sol la fa Sol la Mi ſa Sol la fa Sol la

When in F-fa-ut *you a* Sharp *do ſee*,
Then in that Place your Mi *muſt be.*

Mi in F-fa-ut.

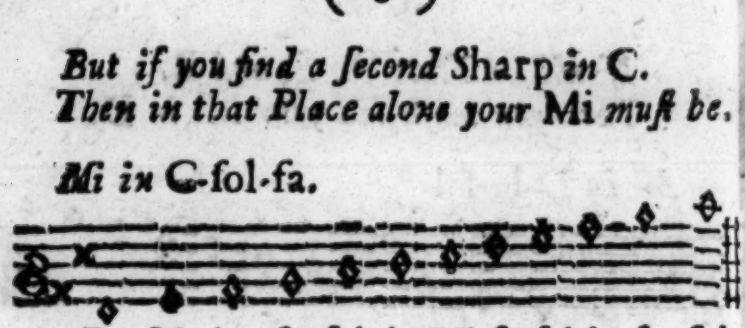
Sol la Mi ſa ſol la fa ſol la Mi fa ſol

Mi in F-fa-ut.

Mi ſa ſol la fa ſol la Mi fa ſol la fa

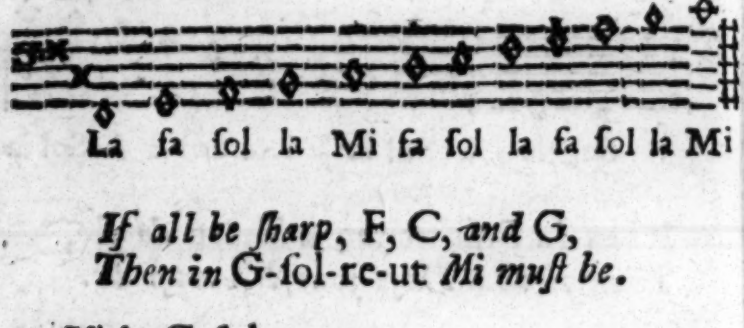
But if you find a ſecond Sharp *in* C.
Then in that Place alone your Mi *muſt be.*

Mi in C-ſol-fa.



Fa ſol la fa ſol la Mi fa ſol la fa ſol

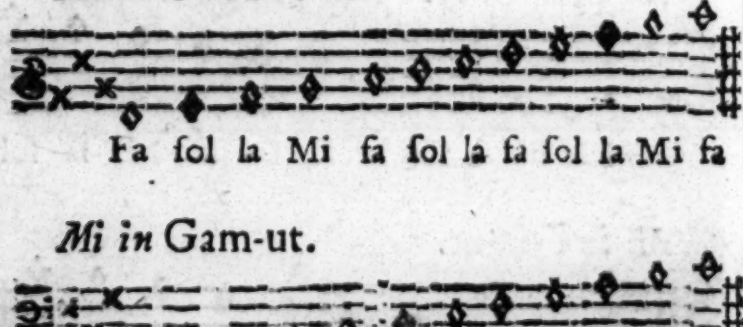
Mi in C-fa-ut.



La fa ſol la Mi fa ſol la fa ſol la Mi

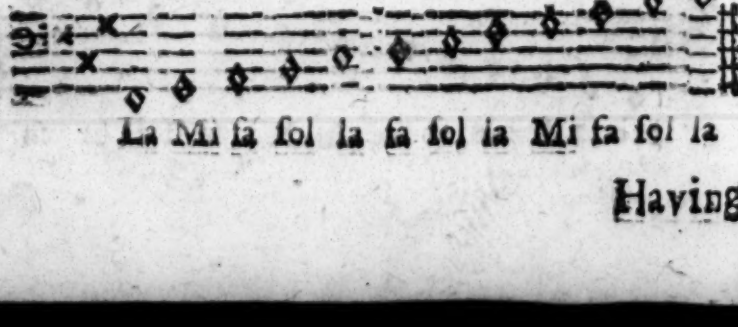
If all be ſharp, F, C, *and* G,
Then in G-ſol-re-ut *Mi muſt be.*

Mi in G-ſol-re-ut.



Fa ſol la Mi fa ſol la fa ſol la Mi fa

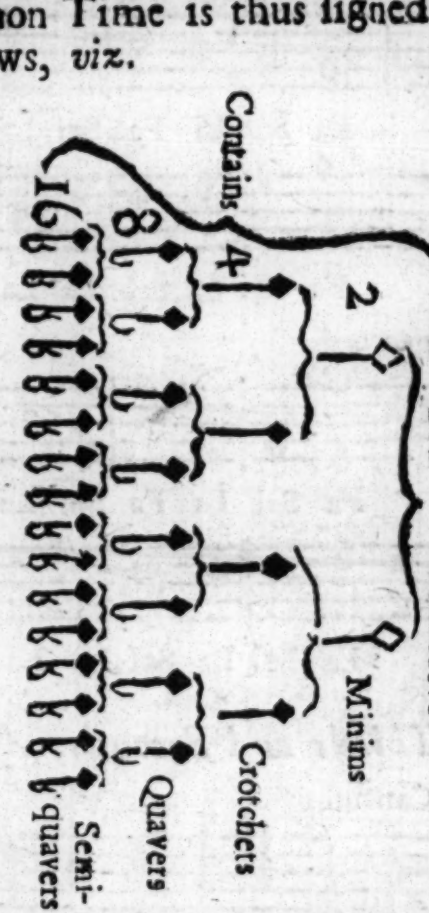
Mi in Gam-ut.



La Mi fa ſol la fa ſol la Mi fa ſol la

Having

There are two ſorts of *Time* us'd in this Book, the one is called *Common*, the other *Triple*; Common Time is thus ſigned and is as follows, *viz.*



There is another Note at the end of the Tunes call'd a *Breve*, which is as long as 2 *Semibreves*.

Note, That when you ſee a Point like a Period ſet at the Right Hand of any Note, it makes it half as long again in ſound.

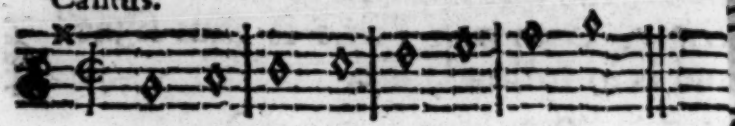
Triple Time is 3 *Minims* to the Pointed *Semibreve*, & is thus marked [illegible] or thus [illegible]

Note, When Two or more Notes are Ty'd together, they muſt be Sung to one Syllable.

The

The Eight Notes.

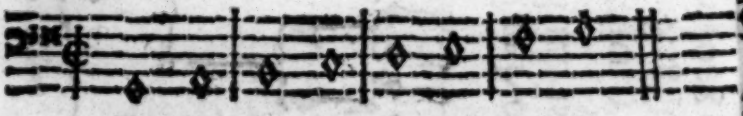
Cantus.



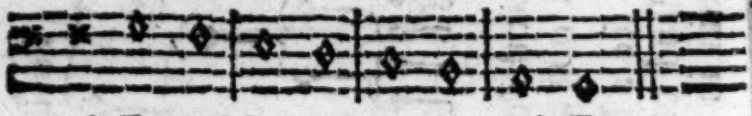
Fa Sol La Fa Sol La Mi Fa

Fa Mi La Sol Fa La Sol Fa

Baſſus.



Fa Sol La Fa Sol La Mi Fa



Fa Mi La Sol Fa La Sol Fa

Thirds and Seconds, Aſc. and Deſc.

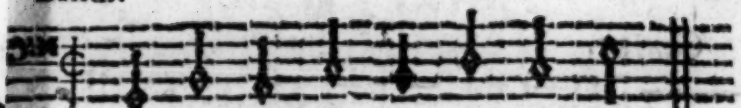
Cantus.

Fa La Sol Fa La Sol Fa La

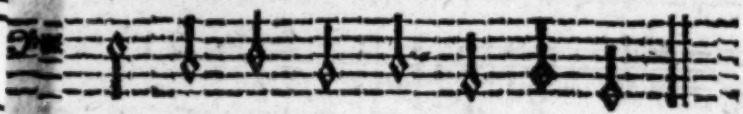
La Fa Sol La Fa Sol La Fa

Baſſus.

Baſſus.

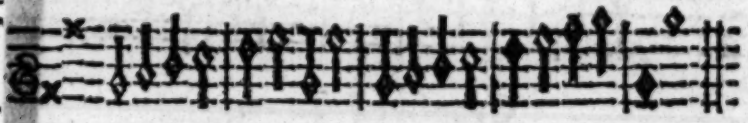


Fa La Sol Fa La Sol Fa La

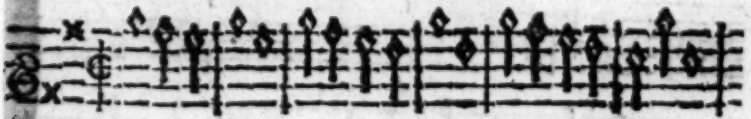


La Fa Sol La Fa Sol La Fa

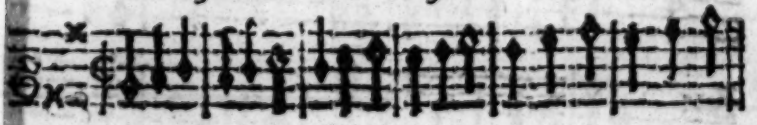
The Aſcendings.



The Deſcendings.



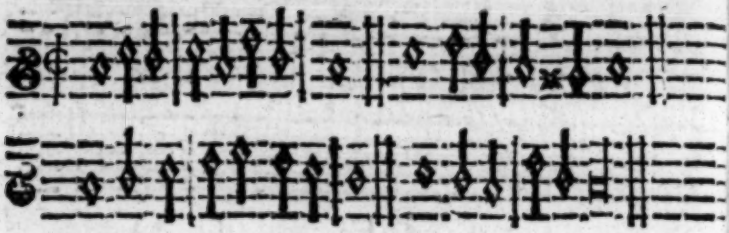
Or Aſcend and Deſcend thus.



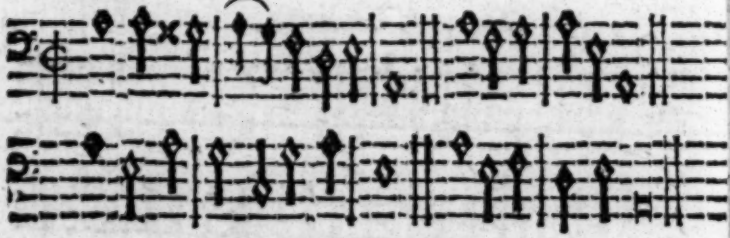
Bever-

Beverley *Tune.*

Cantus.

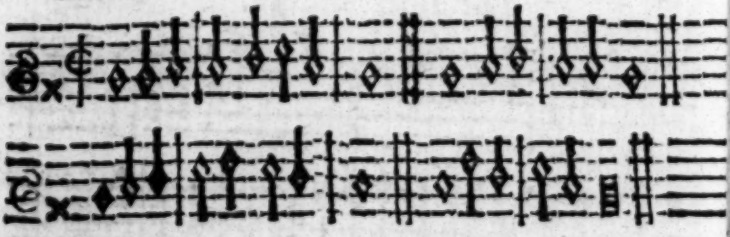


Baſſus.

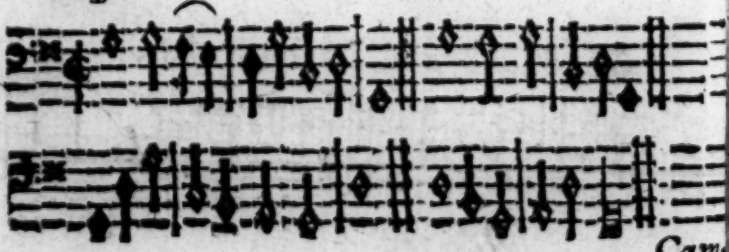


Cranfield *Tune.*

Cantus.



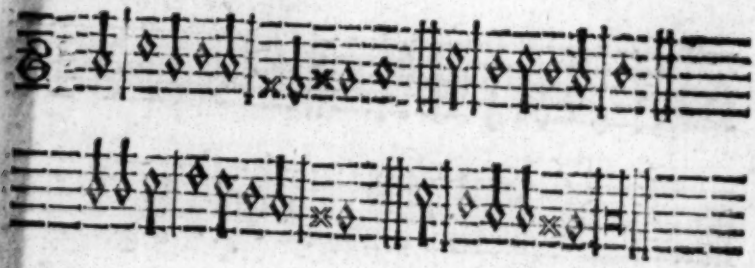
Baſſus.



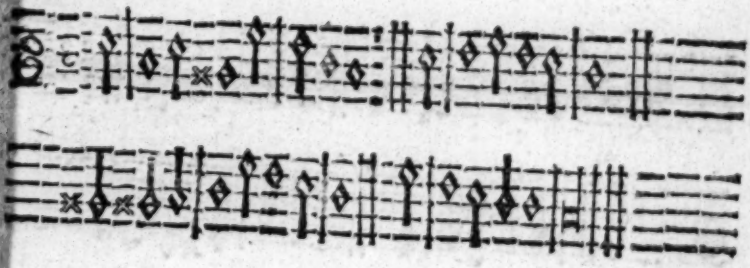
Cam

Cambridge Tune.

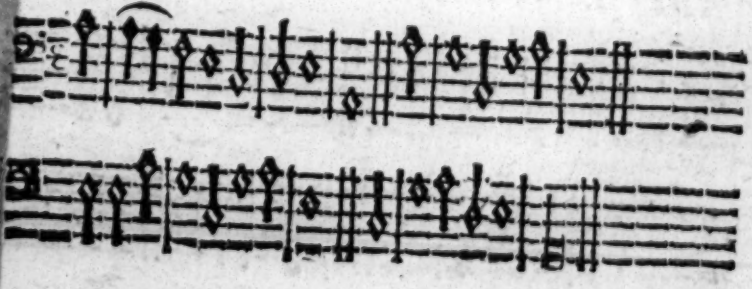
Cantus. Pſ. 2, 10.



Medius.

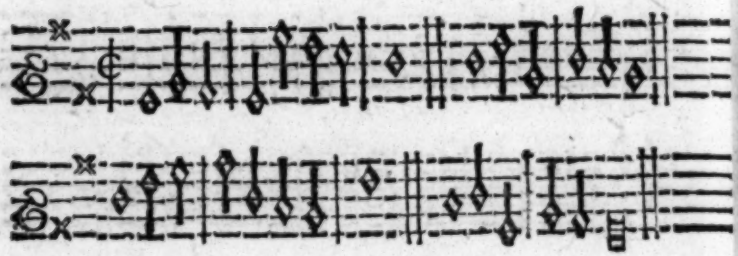


Baſſus.



St. *Mary*'s Tune.

Cantus. Pſ. 1, 8, 15, 34.



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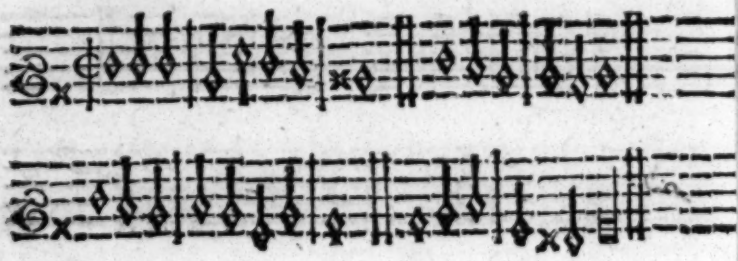
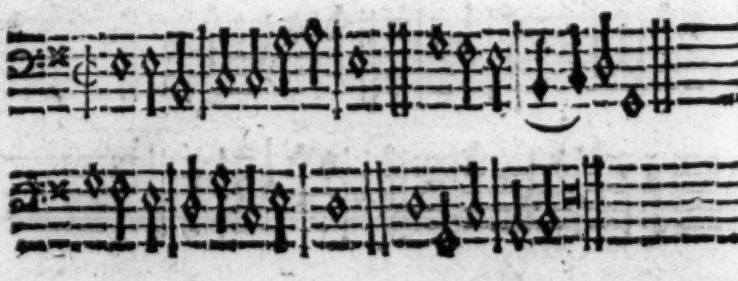


Baſſus.



An Hymn for *Chriſtmas-Day*, Luke the 2. from *v.* 8. to *v.* 15. The Words by Dr. *Brady* and *N. Tate*, Eſq;

WHile Shepherds watch'd their Flocks by Night,
all ſeated on the Ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
and Glory ſhone around.
" Fear not, ſaid he, (for mighty Dread
" had ſeiz'd their troubled Mind)
" Glad Tydings of great Joy I bring
" to you and all Mankind;

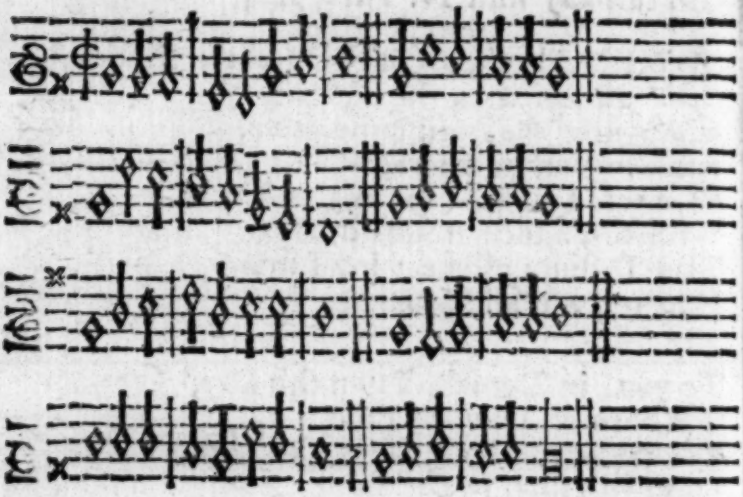
" To you, in *David*'s Town this Day,
" is born of *David*'s Line,
" The Sav'our, who is Chriſt the Lord,
" and this ſhall be the Sign;
" The heav'nly Babe you there ſhall find
" to humane View diſplay'd,
" All meanly wrapt in ſwathing Bands,
" and in a Manger laid.

Thus ſpake the Seraph, and forthwith
appear'd a ſhining Throng
Of Angels praiſing God, and thus
addreſt their joyful Song;
" All Glory be to God on high,
" and to the Earth be Peace;
" Good-will, henceforth, from Heaven to Men,
" begin and never ceaſe.

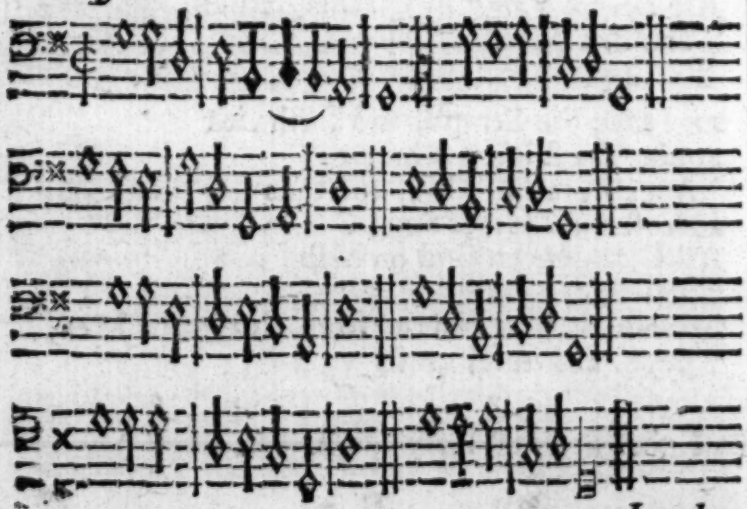
To Father Son and Holy Ghoſt, &c.

The 3d. *Pſalm proper Tune.*

Cantus.



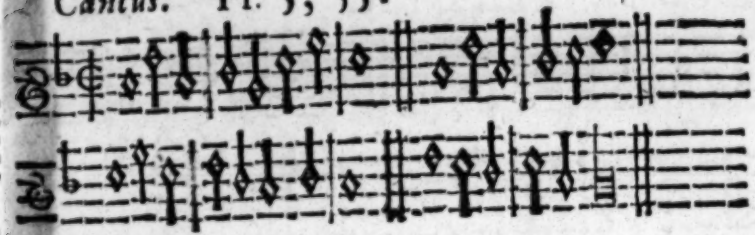
Baſſus.



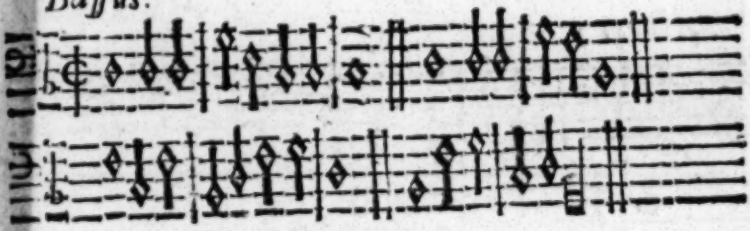
London

London Tune.

Cantus. Pſ. 5, 55.

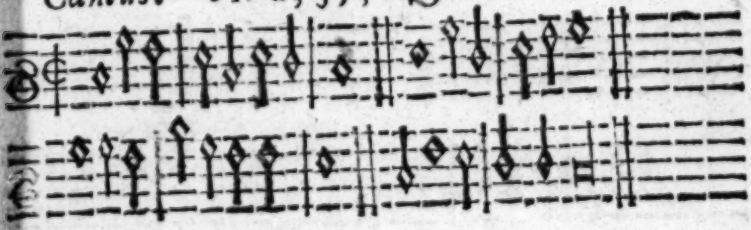


Baſſus.

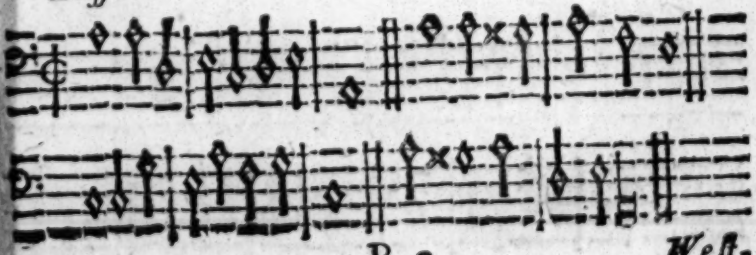


Briſtol Tune.

Cantus. Pſ. 6, 35, 143.

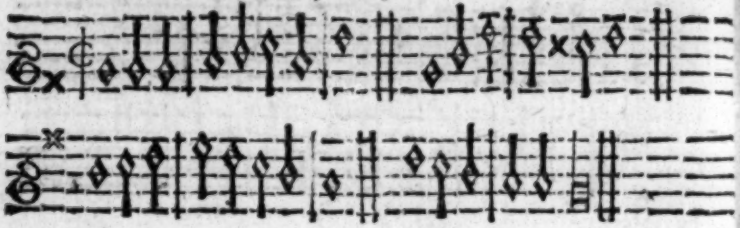


Baſſus.

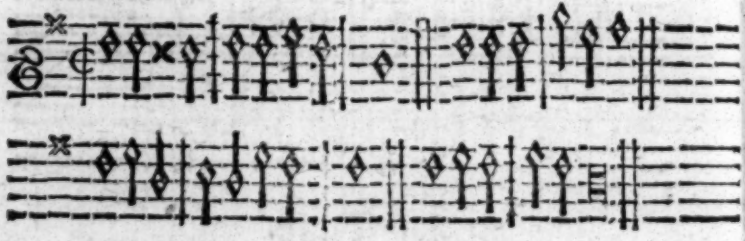


Weſtminſter Tune.

Cantus. Pſ. 27, 105.



Altus.



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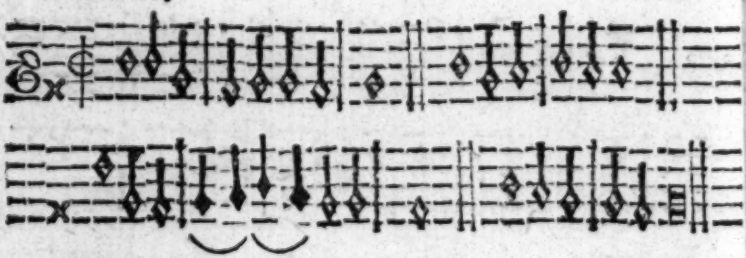

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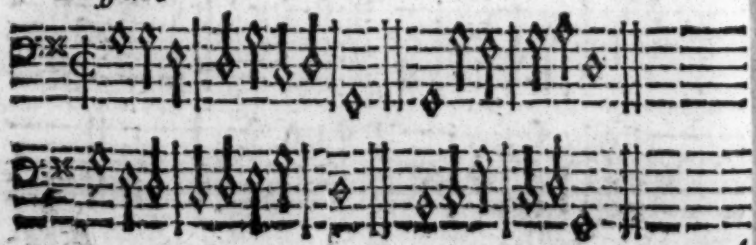


A Hymn for Eaſter-Day.

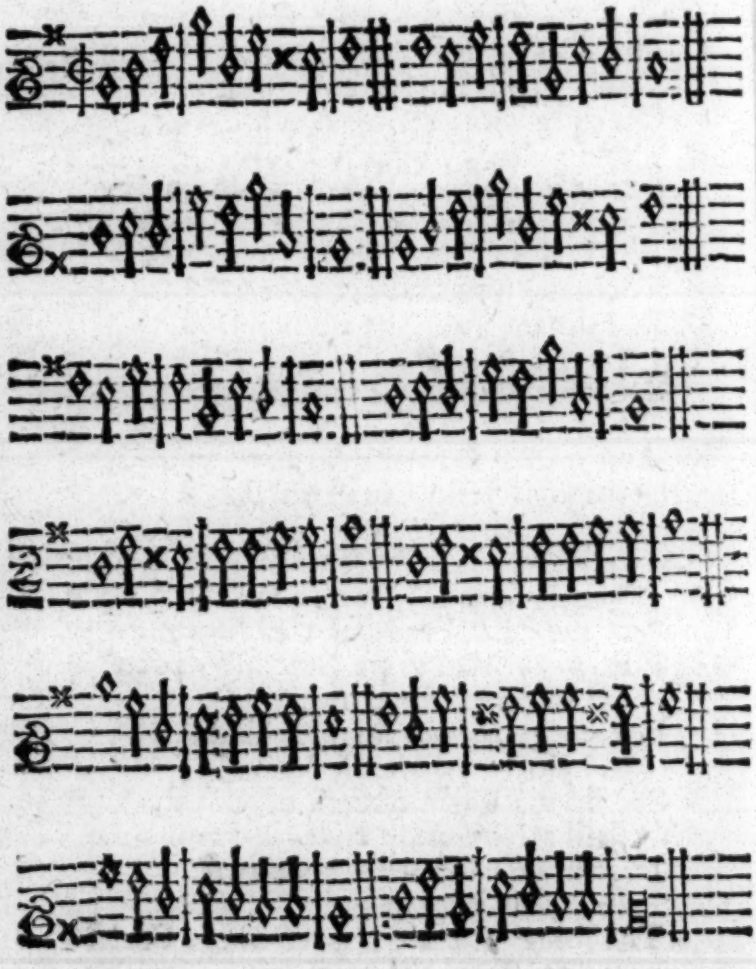
SInce Chriſt, our Paſſover, is ſlain
a Sacrifice for all;
Let all with thankful Hearts agree
to keep the Feſtival:
Not with the Leaven, as of old,
of Sin and Malice fed;
But with unfeign'd Sincerity,
and Truth's unleaven'd Bread.
Chriſt being rais'd by Pow'r divine,
and reſcu'd from the Grave,
Shall die no more; Death ſhall on him
no more Dominion have:
For that he dy'd, 'twas for our Sins
he once vouchſaf'd to die;
But that he lives, he lives to God,
for all Eternity:
So count your ſelves as dead to Sin,
but graciouſly reſtor'd,
And made, henceforth, alive to God,
through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord.

Another.

CHriſt from the Dead is rais'd and made
the Firſt Fruits of the Tomb;
For, as by Man came Death, by Man
did Reſurrection come.
For, as in *Adam*, all Mankind
did Guilt and Death derive;
So, by the Righteouſneſs of Chriſt,
ſhall all be made alive.
If then ye riſen are with Chriſt,
ſeek only how to get
The things that are above, where Chriſt
at God's right Hand is ſet.

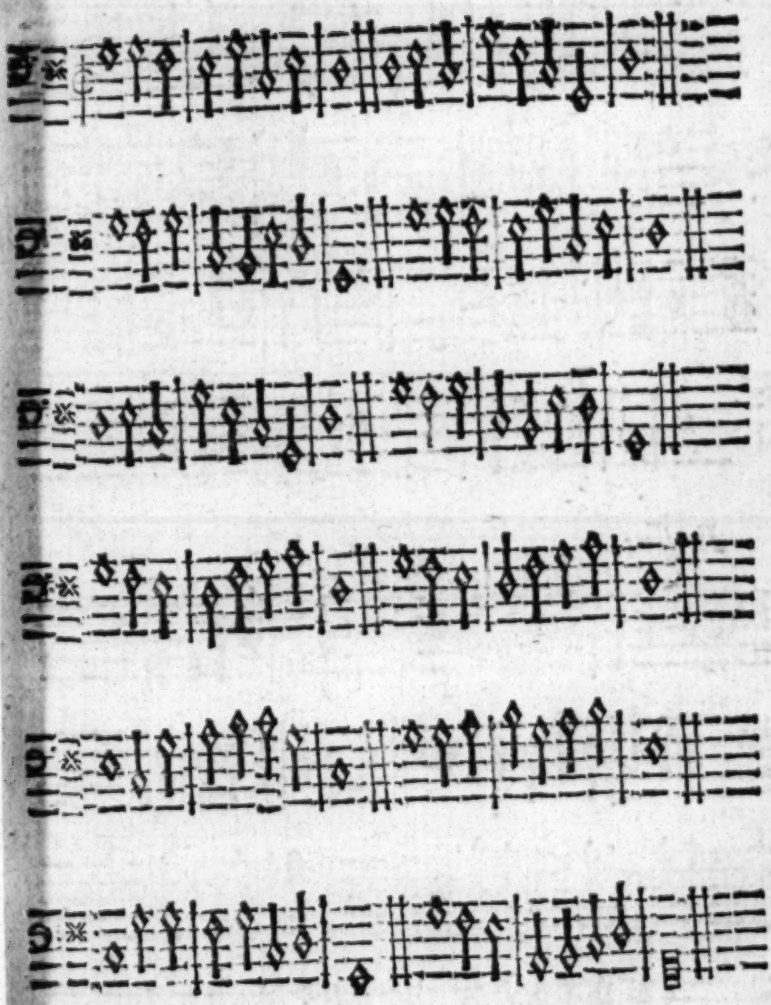
New 37th, 63d, *and new or old* 113th *Psalms Tune.*

Cantus.



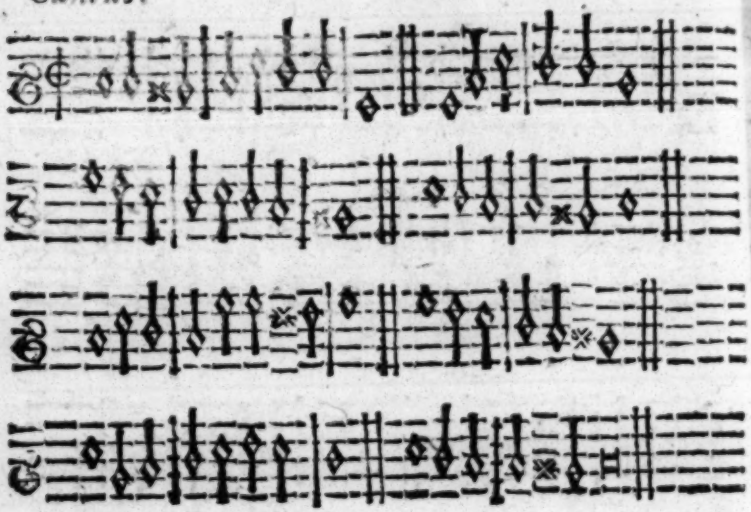
Bassus

Baſſus.



The old 18th, *or new* 19th *Pſalm Tune.*

Cantus.



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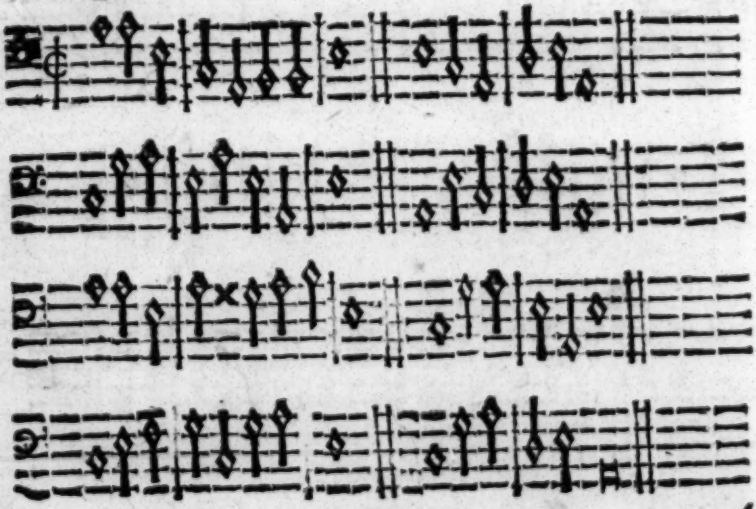
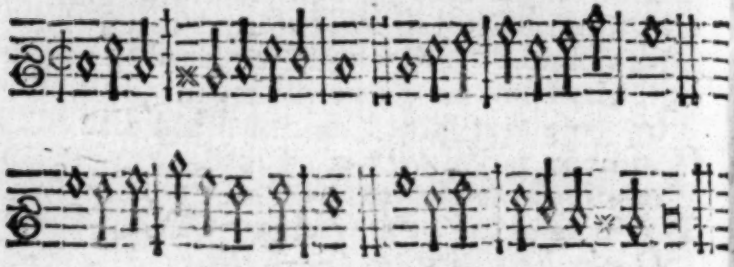


A Hymn to the following Tune, Pag. 24.

HAſt thou, my Soul, thy Saviour view'd
as on the Croſs he hung and bled?
Haſt ſeen his Bruiſes, Wounds and Tears,
ſeen him bow down his dying Head?
Haſt heard how rudely he was jeer'd
by thoſe that made him grown and die?
Heard him amidſt their cruel Scoffs,
ev'n rend the Heavens with his Cry,
That doleful Cry, *My God, my God,*
O why haſt thou thy Son forſook!
Haſt mark'd the Anguiſh of his Words,
the mortal Horror of his Look?
All this is much, yet 'tis not All;
but thou no proper Terms canſt find
To paint the Torments of his Soul,
the inward Bruiſes of his Mind.
All this and more than thou, my Soul,
canſt tell, or think, he did endure,
To skreen thee from his Father's Wrath,
and thy Eternal Bliſs ſecure.
Look back once more, and view his Head,
his Back, his Hands, his Feet, his Side;
And tell if any Sight like this
is found in all the World beſide.
No, all to me is very Droſs,
but my dear JESUS crucify'd:
Under the Shadow of his Croſs
I'll ſit me down, and there abide.
His Wounds, the nobleſt Proofs of Love,
his Beauty too I there ſhall ſee,
Darting through his reproachful Veil
its ſweet and powerful Beams on me.

The new 32d, *or old* 51ſt *Pſalm Tune.*

Cantus.



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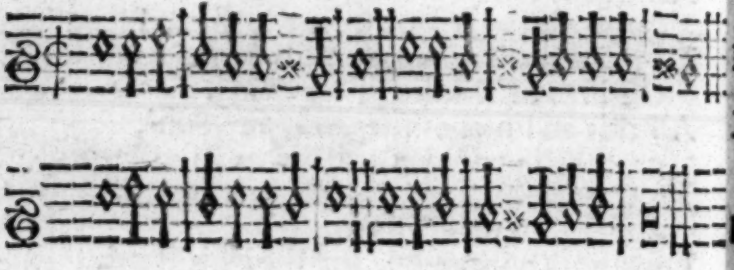

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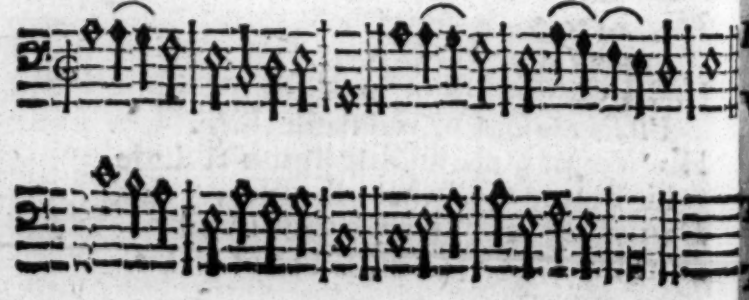


A HYMN.

[*To the preceding Tune*, Pag. 24.]

FROM Supper to *Gethſemane*
away our Bleſſed LORD does haſte;
Thither let's follow him, and ſee
how he begins of Death to taſte.

He ſaw of Sins an endleſs Scroul,
Millions of Sins of Crimſon Red,
All meeting on his ſpotleſs Soul,
while he ſtood charg'd in Sinners ſtead.

He knew the Terrors of the LORD,
the Cenſures of his righteous Law;
Naked the bright avenging Sword,
and brandiſh'd o'er his Head he ſaw.

Horror and Anguiſh on him ſeize,
his Soul's o'erwhelm'd with mortal Fears;
He groans, and as his Pangs increaſe,
ſweats Drops of Blood, weeps Floods of
(Tears.

But who can tell how much he felt
on that curs'd Tree whereon he dy'd?
While's Heart like flowing Wax did melt,
his Strength was like a Potſherd dry'd.

There, as his panting Body hung,
the Powers of Darkneſs all combin'd,
Their flaming Arrows at him flung,
to fill with thouſand Wounds his Mind.

Men, by whoſe cruel Hands he bled,
ungrateful Men, for whom he dy'd,
As void of Pity as of Dread,
blaſpheme him, and his Pains deride.

His very Friends, like timorous Sheep,
are ſcatter'd from their Shepherd now;
His Father's Anger wounds him deep,
down to the Duſt this makes him bow.

No Pains, no Coſt, our God would ſpare,
revolted Sinners to regain;
That they might Robes of Glory wear,
and with him in his Kingdom reign.

Praiſe him ye Angels round his Throne,
who us in Thought and Might excel;
Praiſe him, his Servants every one,
who in theſe lower Regions dwell.

Another to the ſame Tune.

WHen Sin had brought Death, with a Train
of Miſeries on the guilty World;
And wretched Man was doom'd to be
Into Eternal Darkneſs hurl'd;

Where the tormenting Worm, that gnaws
the feſtering Conſcience, ne'er expires;
Where tort'ring Brimſtone always feeds
the ne'er-to-be-extinguiſh'd Fires:

When Juſtice wav'd the flaming Sword
of Vengeance o'er the Sinner's Head;
The Son of God ſtept in, and ſtay'd
the mortal Stroke, and thus he ſaid;

Tho'

Tho' all the Offerings Men can bring
can't for one ſingle Crime atone;
O God, I come to do thy Will,
I'll bear their numerous Sins alone.

A mortal Nature I'll aſſume,
human Infirmities I'll wear;
Hunger, and Thirſt, and Wearineſs,
Sorrows and Pains I'll freely bear.

Reproaches, tho' they'll break my Heart,
I am reſolv'd to undergo:
I'll ſuffer all that's on me laid
by God above, or Men below.

Tho' all th' Infernal Powers conſpire
my great Deſign to overthrow;
Thro' Showers of fiery Darts of Hell,
and thro' Death's horrid Vale I'll go.

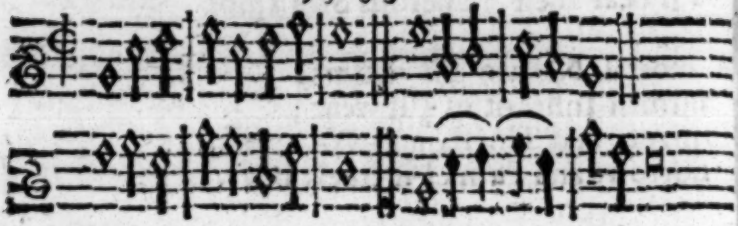
Thus ſaid, the Father ſoon reply'd:
Content, I have a Ranſom found;
Dear Son, to ſave a Ruin'd World,
ev'n Thee I with Delight ſhall wound.

Go execute thy brave Reſolves,
thy Sufferings ſhall rewarded be;
Many Thou ſhalt redeem, the reſt
ſhall all at laſt be judg'd by Thee.

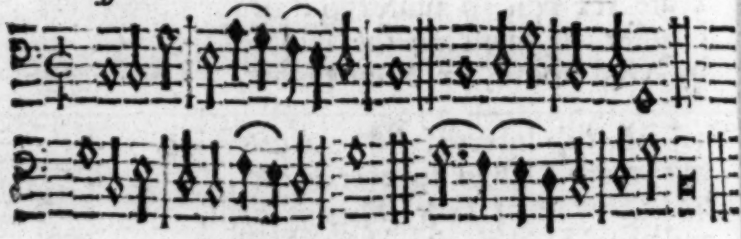
How precious are theſe Thoughts of thine,
how glorious, Lord, theſe Acts of Love!
For theſe we ſing thy Praiſe below,
for theſe Thou'rt better prais'd above.

St. *James*'s Tune.

Cantus. Pſ. 19, 33.

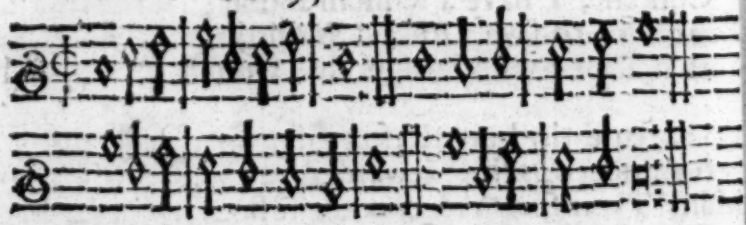


Baſſus.



Lichfield new Tune.

Cantus. Pſ. 9, 61.



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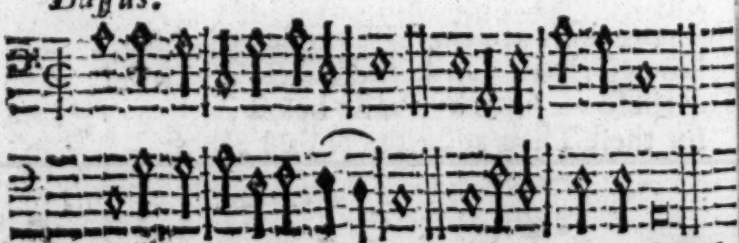
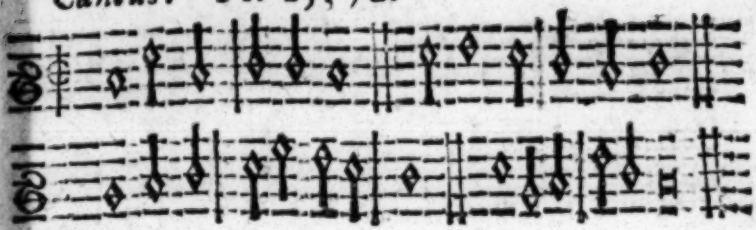


Southwell Tune.

Cantus. Pſ. 25, 70.



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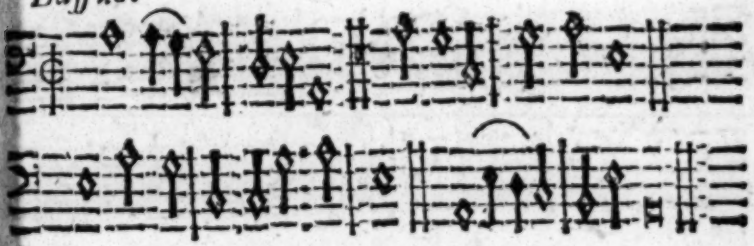
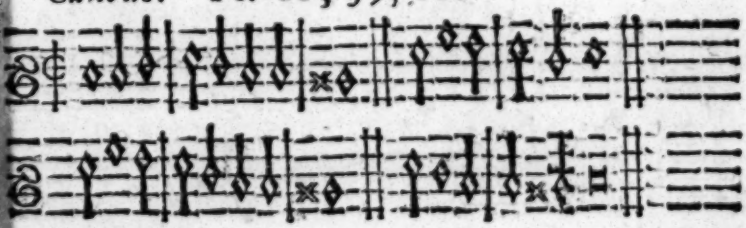
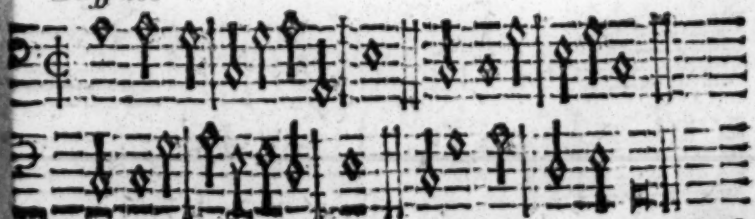


Windſor Tune.

Cantus. Pſ. 26, 39, 86.

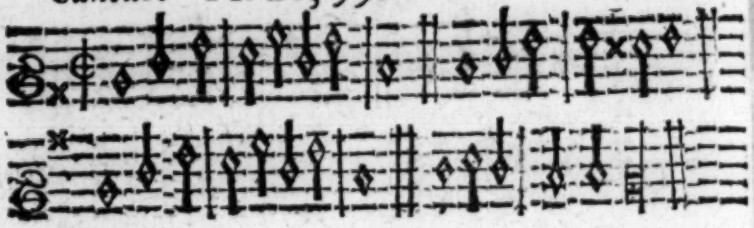


Baſſus.

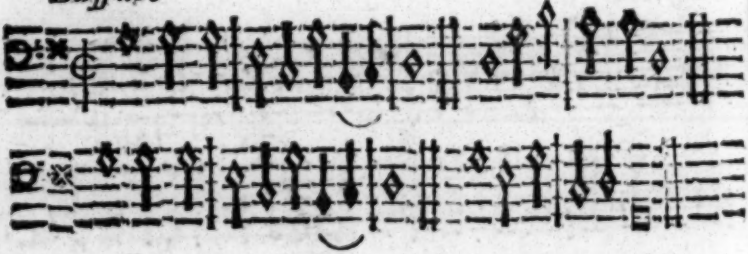


York Tune.

Cantus. Pſ. 28, 99.

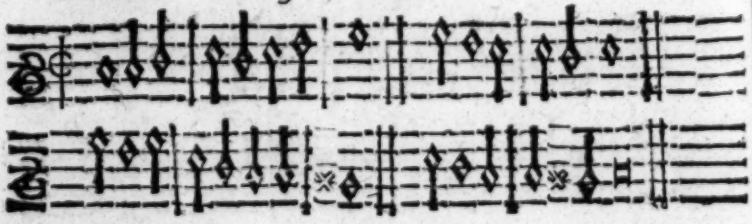


Baſſus.

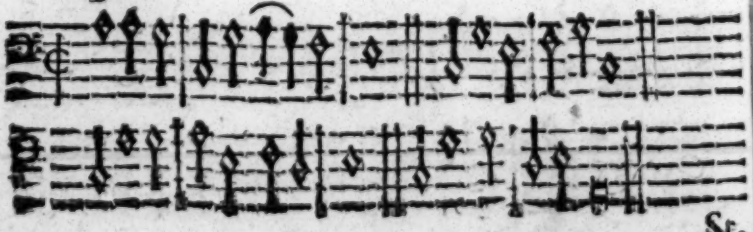


Wolverhamton or *Lichfield* Tune.

Cantus. Pſ. 30, 116.

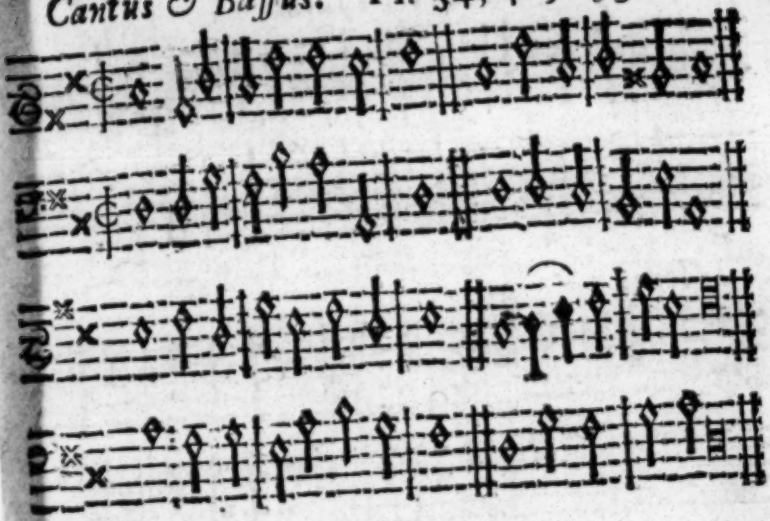


Baſſus.



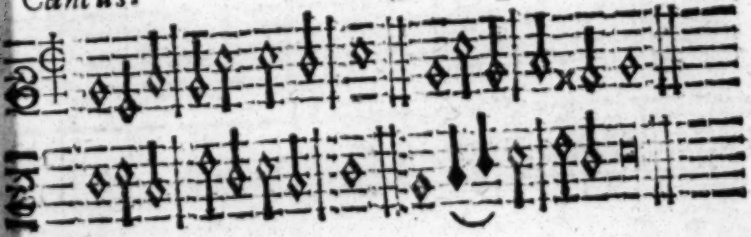
St. *Ann's* Tune.

Cantus & Baſſus. Pſ. 34, 42, 133.

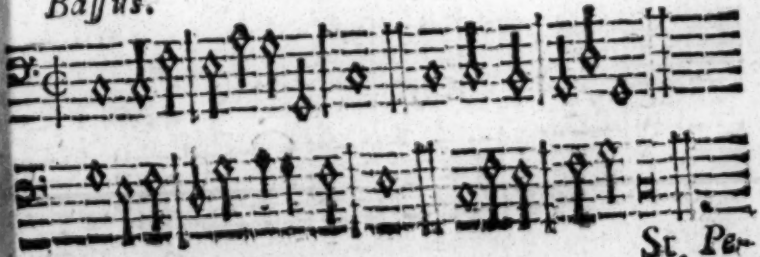


The ſame Tune in another Key.

Cantus.



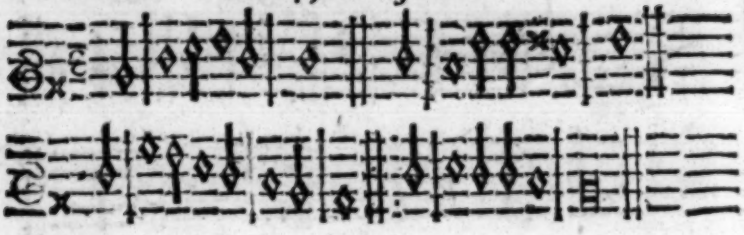
Baſſus.



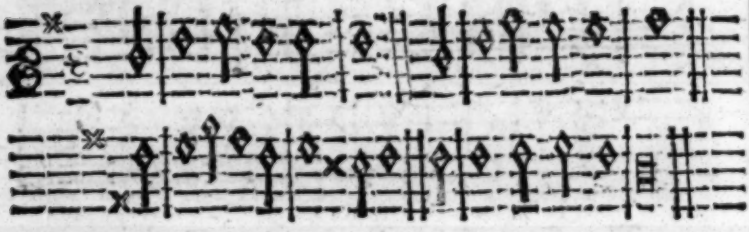
St. Pe-

St. *Peter's* Tune.

Cantus. *Old* 45th *Pſalm.*



Altus.



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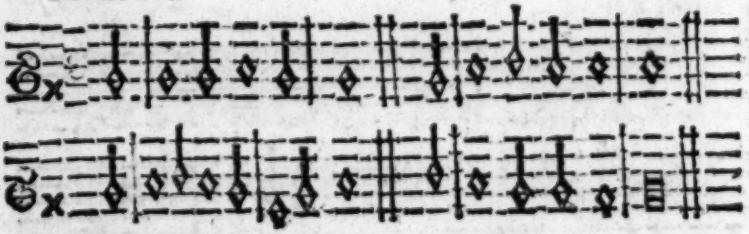

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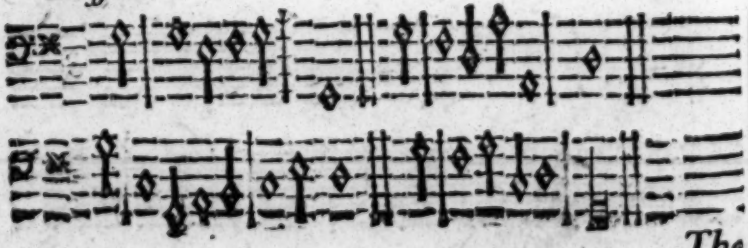
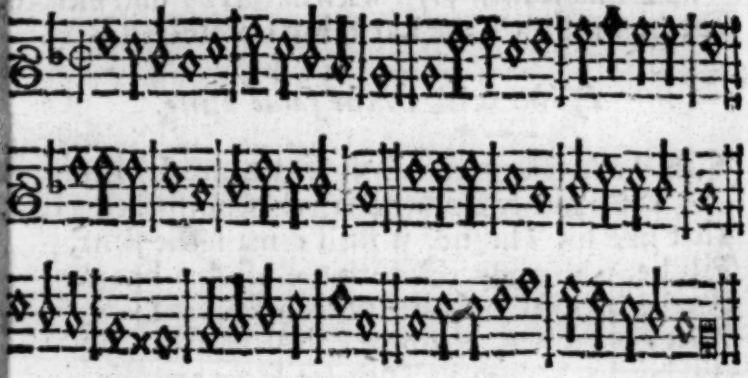


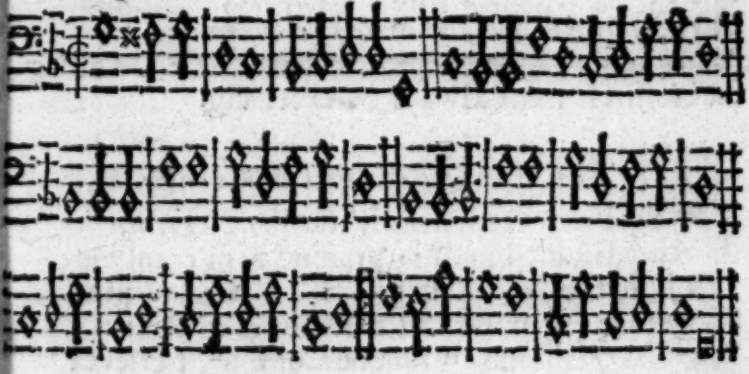
The

The old 50th Pſalm Tune.

Cantus.



Baſſus.



Pſalm xlvii.

O Clap your Hands! ye People, ſhout and ſing
To God, the Great and Univerſal King!
'Twas he ſubdu'd whole Nations of our Foes,
Then for our Lot the Pride of *Jacob* choſe.
God is gone up, the Lord is high aſcended,
With Trumpets ſound, and Shouts of Joy attended.

To

To God, the Great and Univerſal King,
Exalted Praiſe, with Underſtanding, ſing!
The Heathen he rules from his holy Throne;
Whom he, in time, ſhall call and make his own:
Whoſe Chiefs ſhall joyn with Saints by him elected,
For by his Pow'r the Earth is all protected.

Pſalm xciii. *to the ſame Tune.*

With Glory crown'd, and matchleſs Strength (array'd,
So firmly God the World's Foundation laid,
That like his Throne, it ſhall remain the ſame,
Till he, who made, diſſolves the mighty Frame.
For he is God, in Majeſtty tranſcending,
That always was, and never ſhall have Ending.
His louder Voice, in Thunder from the Sky,
Makes ſwelling Floods, and warring Seas comply.
His Promiſes to all who him adore,
Shall, like himſelf, endure for evermore.
Who in his Courts expect to have their Dwelling,
In Holineſs muſt always be excelling.

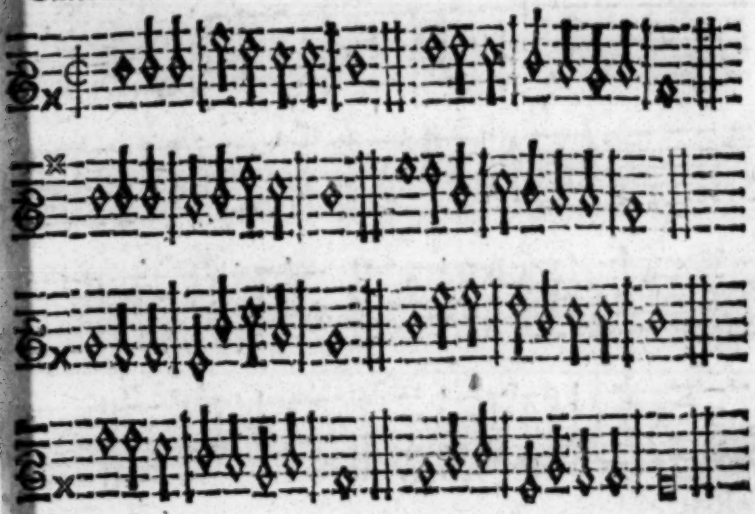
Pſalm cxvii. *to the ſame Tune.*

IN Praiſe to God, let all the People join,
And diſtant Lands in praiſing him combine;
'Tis juſt, the World ſhould all his Bounty praiſe,
Since that extends to all the World its Rays:
Then let Mankind, with one Conſent, perſever
In praiſing him, whoſe Praiſe endures for ever.

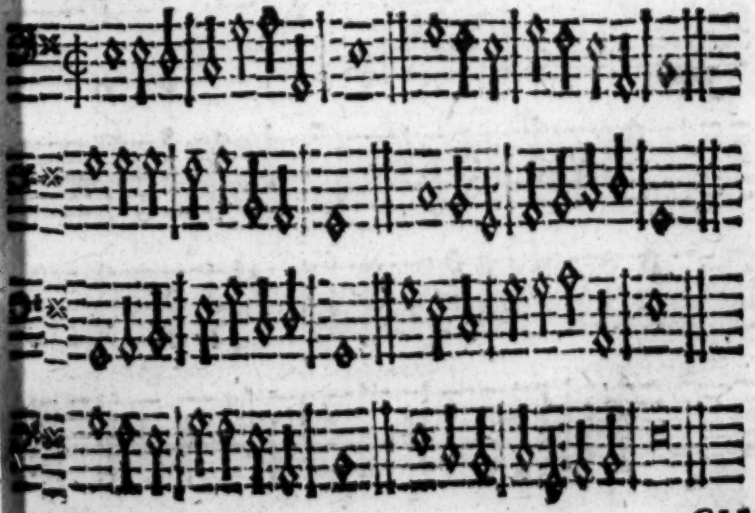
To Father, Son, and Spirit ever bleſs'd,
Immortal Praiſe and Glory be addreſs'd;
As it has been in Ages long ago,
As now it is, and ſhall continue ſo
Beyond the Date and Courſe of Time extending:
For Time muſt ceaſe, God's *Praiſe ſhall have no* (*Ending.*

The old 51ſt, *or new* 88th *Pſalm Tune.*

Cantus.



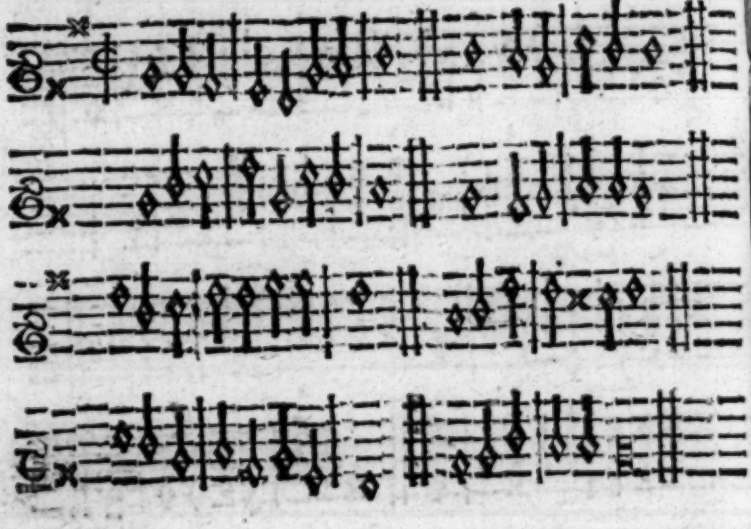
Baſſus.



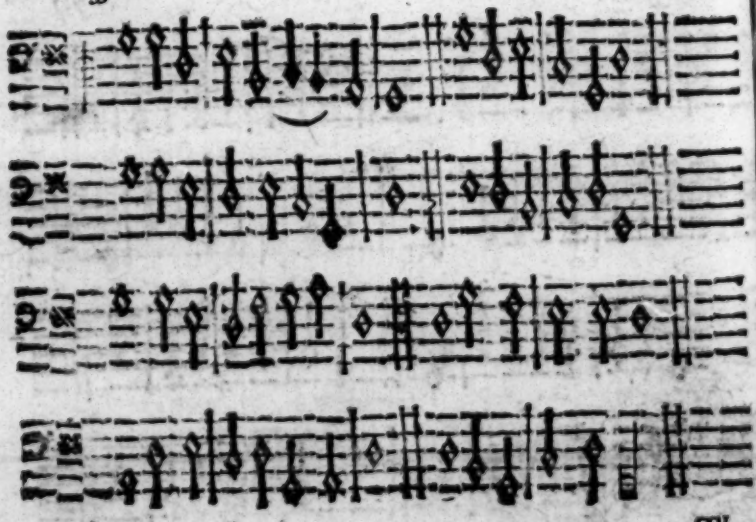
Old

Old 68th or new 71st Psalm Tune.

Cantus.



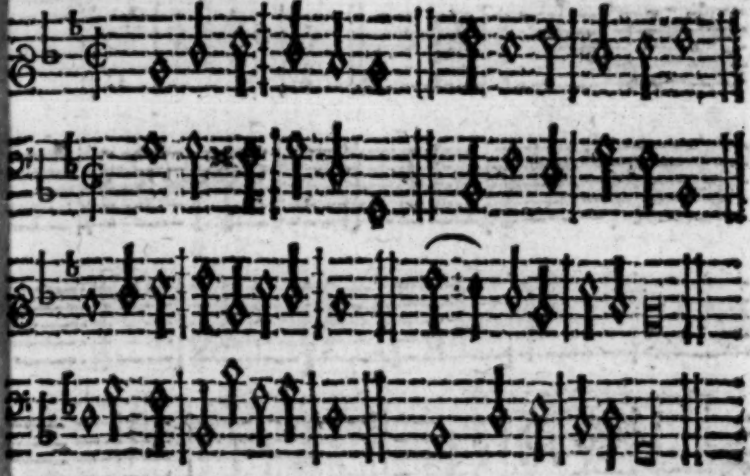
Bassus.



The

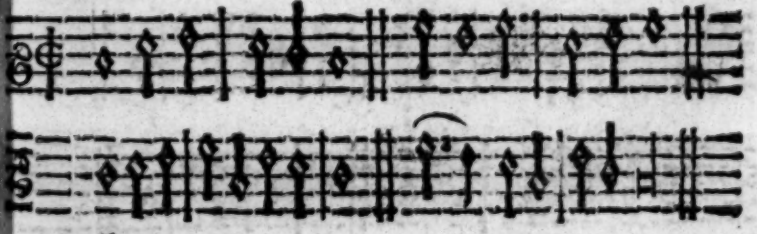
The 67th *Pſalm Tune.* In Gamut Flat.

Cantus & Baſſus.

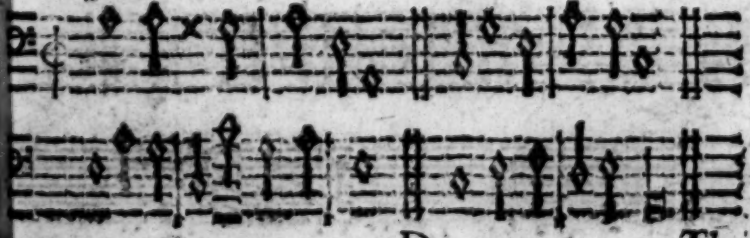


The ſame Tune in A-re, *the natural* Key.

Cantus.



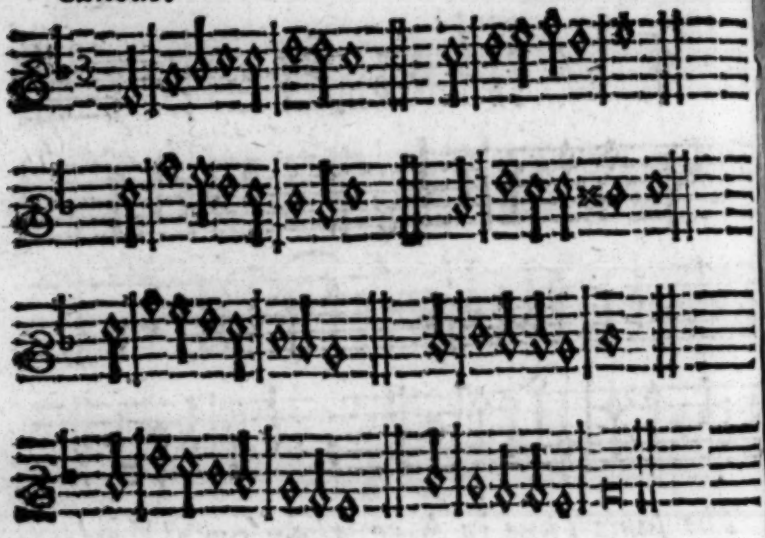
Baſſus.



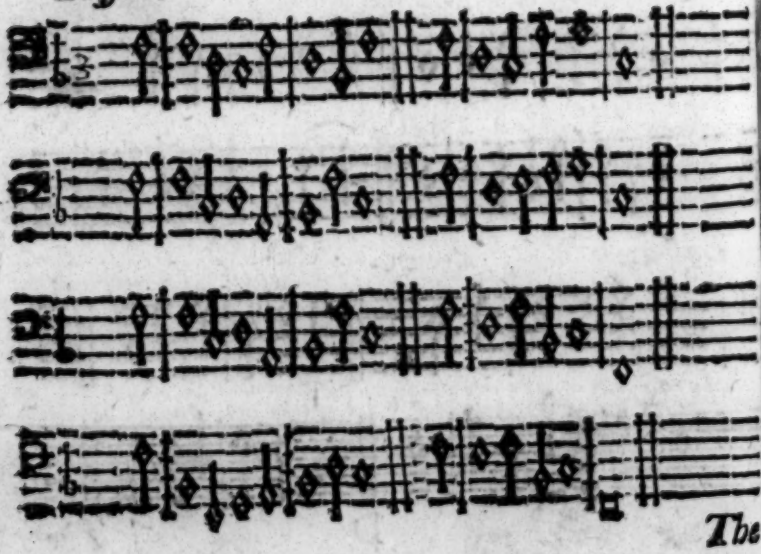
The

The 81st *Psalm Tune.*

Cantus.

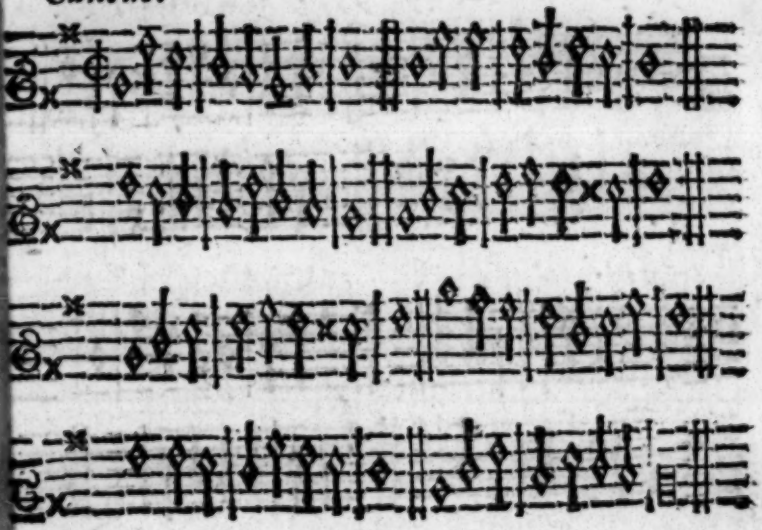


Bassus.

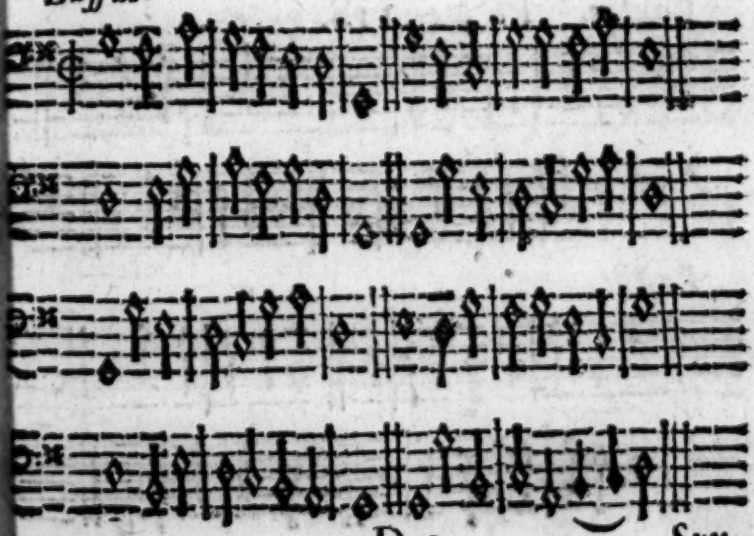


The new 96th Psalm Tune.

Cantus.



Bassus.

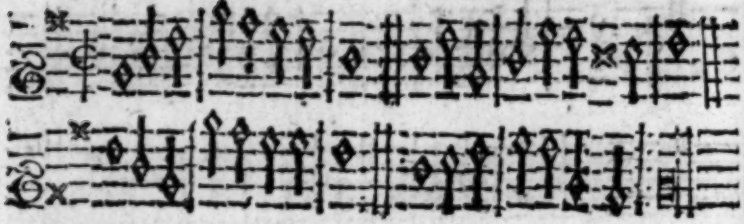


The

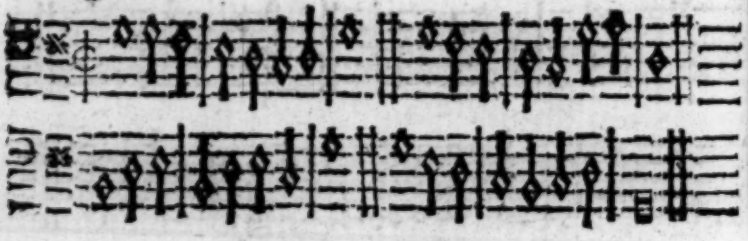
Sun-

Sunderland Tune.

Cantus. *New* 89, 95, 97. *Pſalms.*

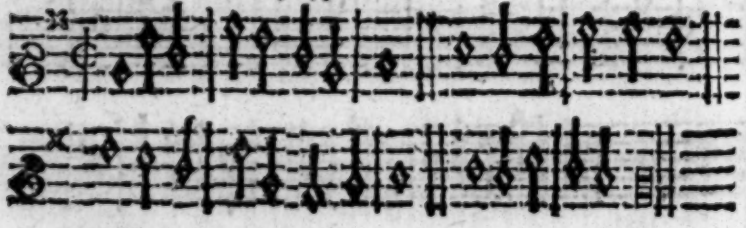


Baſſus.

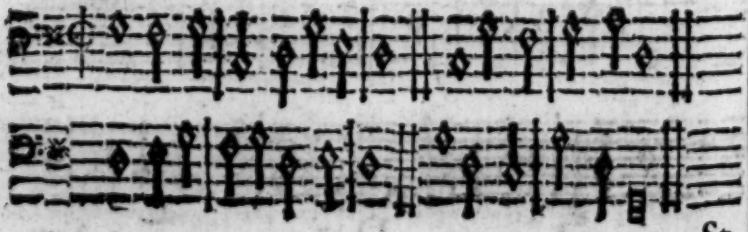


Durham Tune.

Cantus. Pſ. 94, 118.

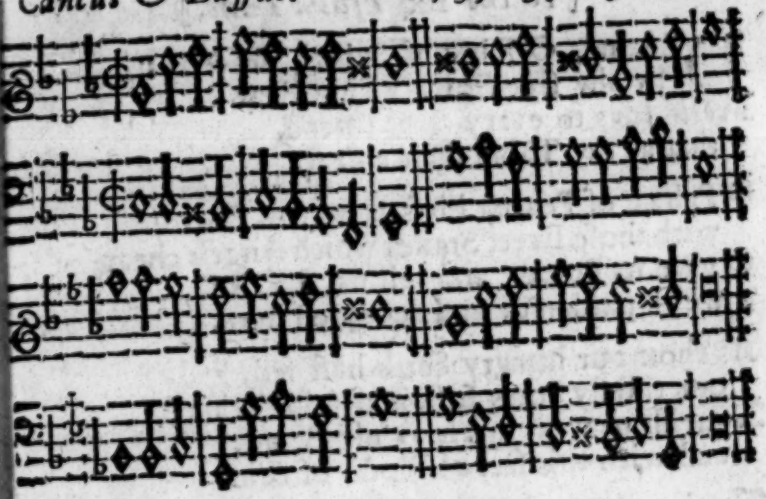


Baſſus.



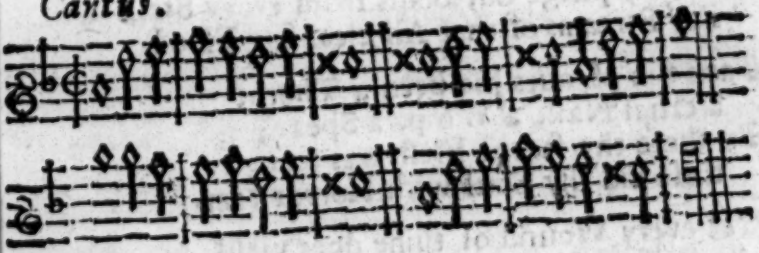
St. *Mark's* Tune. *In* C-faut *Flat.*

Cantus & Baſſus. New 73, 137. *Pſalm.*

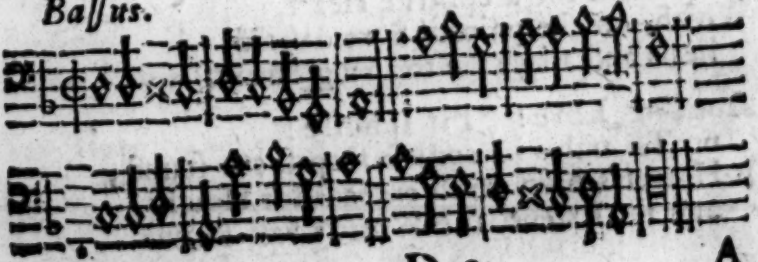


The ſame Tune in D-ſol-re *Flat.*

Cantus.



Baſſus.



A HYMN.

[*To the* 100 *Pſalm Tune.*]

DEſcend, O King of Saints, deſcend:
by thy free Spirit's vital Heat
Freſh Joys to every Soul extend,
that at thy Table finds a Seat.

O Prince of Peace, bleſs thou this Board,
with thoſe ſweet Smiles which Angels chear;
O give us Peace; and tell us, LORD,
we're pardon'd, and accepted here.

As thou our hungry Souls haſt fed,
our thirſty Souls ſuſtain'd with Wine;
Nouriſh us with this heav'nly Bread,
and with this ſacred Blood of thine.

Teach us to waſh our Garments clean
in the pure Fountain of thy Blood;
LORD, purge our Souls from every Stain
i'th' Streams of that All-cleanſing Flood.

Each Sin of ours has been a Thorn,
a cruel Nail, a Whip, a Spear;
By theſe thy ſacred Fleſh was torn,
theſe did thy Soul with Horror tear.

Yet every Wound of thine does yield
a Balſam for a contrite Heart,
Which, on the painful Sore diſtil'd,
heals and allays the tort'ring Smart.

Amazing Love! 'Tis Infinite!
no Thoughts its endleſs Depth can ſound;
It Heaven's high Arch exceeds for Height,
and for Extent, the World's vaſt Round.

LORD,

LORD, to advance thy Praiſes here,
increaſe our Light, inlarge our Love;
And by thy Grace our Souls prepare
For better Songs and Tunes above.

Another to the ſame Tune.

THat doleful Night, when our dear Lord
into the Garden did retreat,
To vent his Grief in Groans, and Cries,
in Tears, and in a bloody Sweat;

That ne'er to be forgotten Night,
when our Redeemer was betray'd;
Before his Sufferings he took Bread,
gave Thanks to God, broke it, and ſaid,

Take, eat, this is my Body broke
for you upon the Curſed Tree:
Perform this Ord'nance as I do,
and when you do't, remember me.

He took the Cup too, crown'd with Wine,
bleſs'd it, and to's Diſciples ſaid,
'Tis the New Teſt'ment in my Blood,
for you and many others ſhed.

All you, my Friends, *muſt drink of this,*
your Sin's Remiſſion here you ſee;
Perform this Ord'nance as I do,
and when you do't, remember me.

Yes, Lord, we will remember Thee,
and thy Love more than fragrant Wine;
How can we e'er thy Croſs forget,
which made Thee ours, and made us thine.

Our

Our right Hand firſt ſhall loſe its Art,
our Tongue forget to ſpeak or move,
E'er we'll prove thoughtleſs of thy Wounds,
Thoſe everlaſting Marks of Love.

We'll thus commemorate thy Death,
till thou appear on Earth again;
And, Lord, remember us we pray,
make haſte to take thy Power, and reign.

Another to Briſtol *Tune.*

BEhold the King of Glory ſits
at Table with his Gueſts;
Welcomes them all with gracious Smiles,
them all with Dainties feaſts.

No common Food he here preſents,
no common Drink provides:
For Meat he gives his Fleſh; for Wine
the Spear his Heart divides.

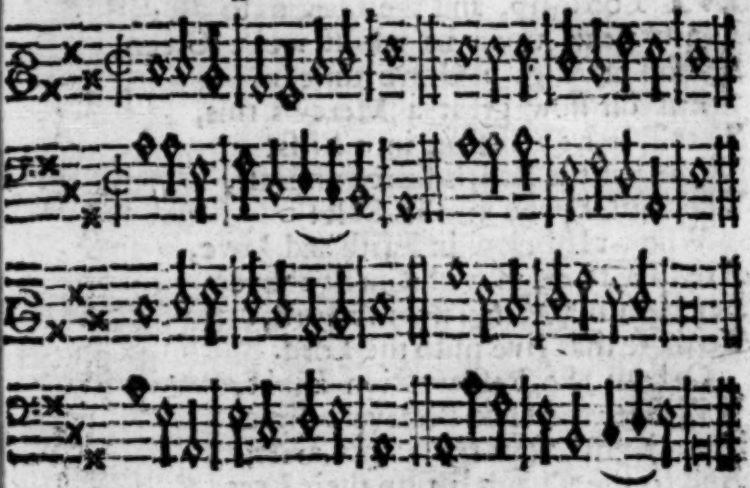
Lord, give us Faith to raiſe our Thoughts
beyond the Views of Senſe;
Teach us thy Myſt'ries to diſcern,
and draw new Joys from thence.

Let's know thy wounded Body fell
an Offering for our Guilt;
Let's know, to waſh us from our Sins,
thy Heart's pure Blood was ſpilt.

So ſhall our Minds and Voices join
in ſacred Harmony,
To celebrate thy Grace, and ſing
Hallelujahs to Thee.

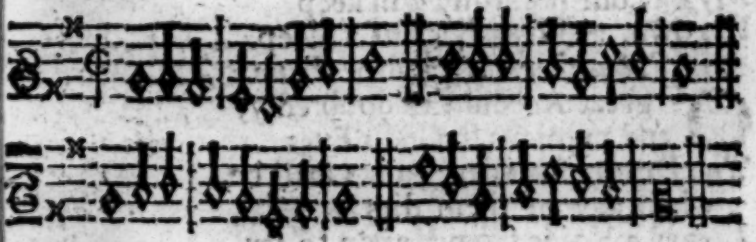
The 100 Pſalm Tune, in A-re Sharp.

Cantus & Baſſus.

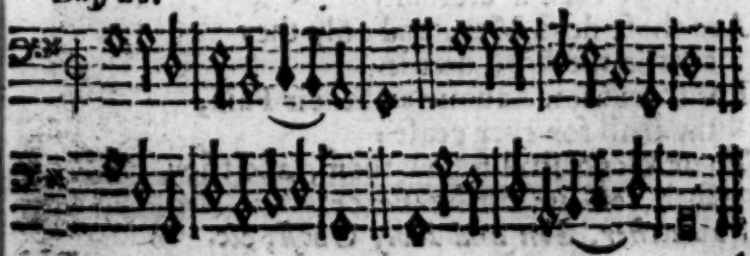


The ſame Tune in Gamut Sharp.

Cantus.



Baſſus.



A Funeral HYMN.

[*To the Tune in* Pag. 24.]

MAN's Life's a Sigh, a Groan, a Cry,
Looks up, and then begins to die;
Death ſteals upon us whilſt we're Green,
Behind us digs a Grave unſeen.
But oh how great a Mercy's this,
That Death's a Paſſage into Bliſs!
While yet the Body's ſcarce undreſt,
The Soul is gone into its Reſt!
Who walk below in Faith and Love,
Are ſure to reign with Chriſt above
For Heav'n a Manſion will afford,
To thoſe that live unto the Lord.
O how the Reſurrection Light,
Will clear the true Believers Sight!
How joyful ſhall the Saints ariſe,
And to the Clouds lift up their Eyes.
My Soul, my Body, I will truſt
With my Preſerver in the Duſt;
My Sav'our faithfully will keep
His own, and Death is but a Sleep.

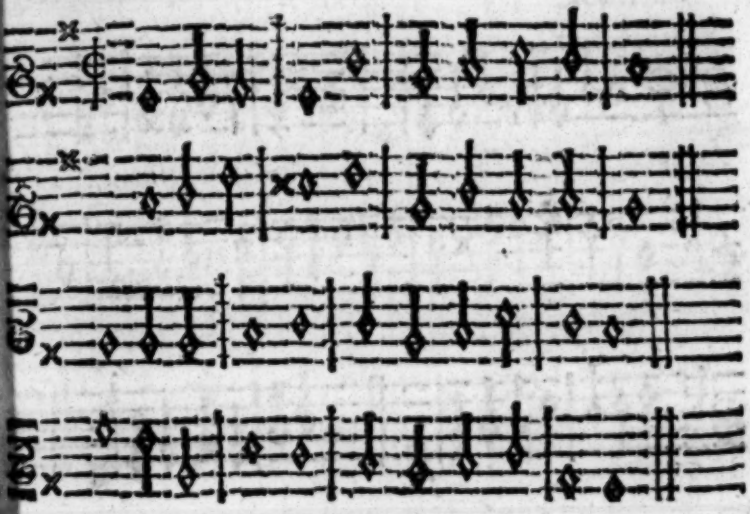
Another to Windſor *Tune.*

OF great Account undoubtedly,
and precious in God's Eyes
The Death of his dear Saints ſhall be,
when any of them dies
I heard a Voice from Heav'n to ſay,
Write, bleſs'd eternally
Are thoſe dead Men, and only they
that in the Lord do die.
For from their Labour and their Pain,
thy ſhall for ever ceaſe;
Their Works ſhall follow them, and they
ſhall reſt in laſting Peace.
To Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt, &c.

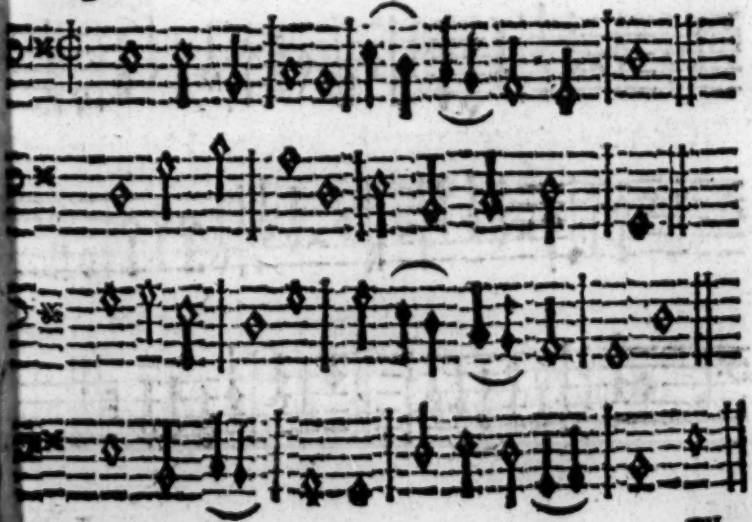
Old

Old 104th *or new* 149th *Pſalm Tune.*

Cantus.

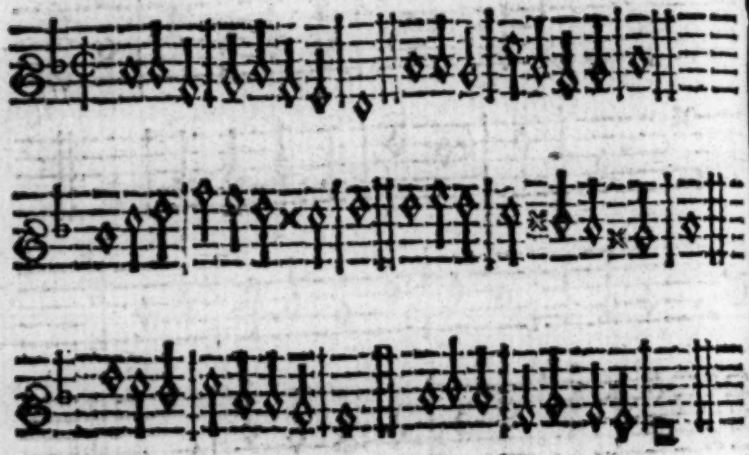


Baſſus.

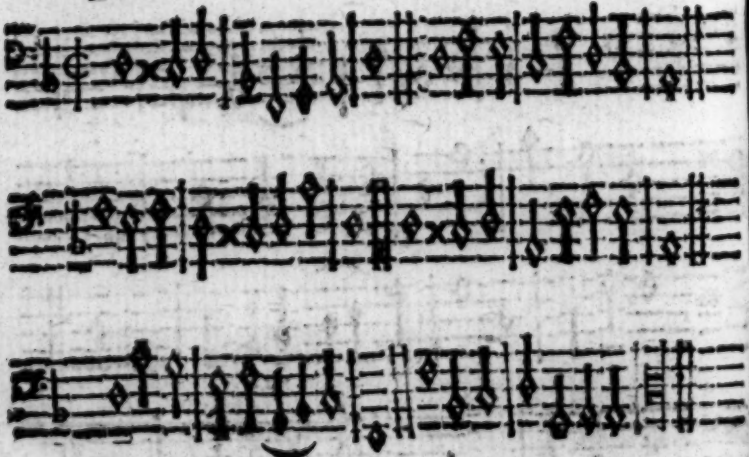


The old 112, 127. *Psalm Tune.*

Cantus.



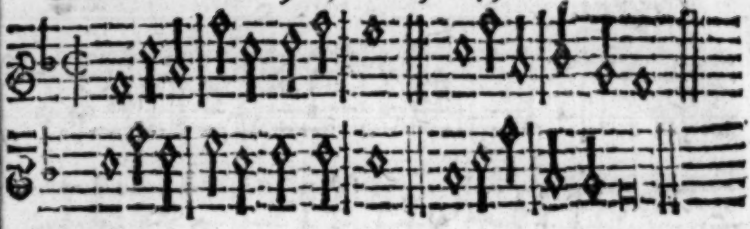
Bassus.



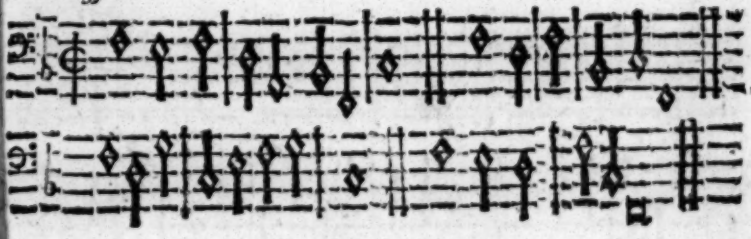
Lan-

London new Tune.

Cantus. Pſ. 92, 108, 145.

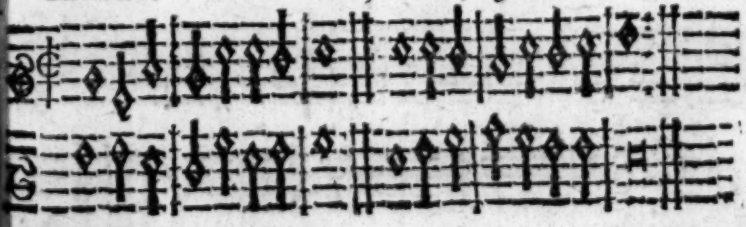


Baſſus.

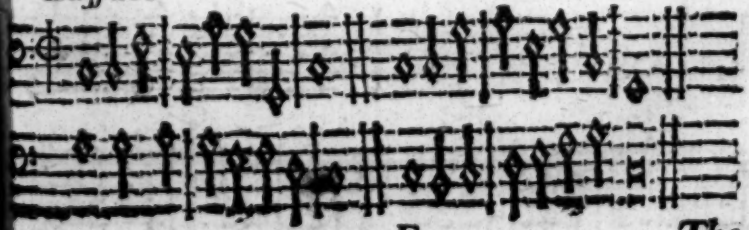


St. *Andrew*'s Tune.

Cantus. *New* 106, 111, *Pſalms.*

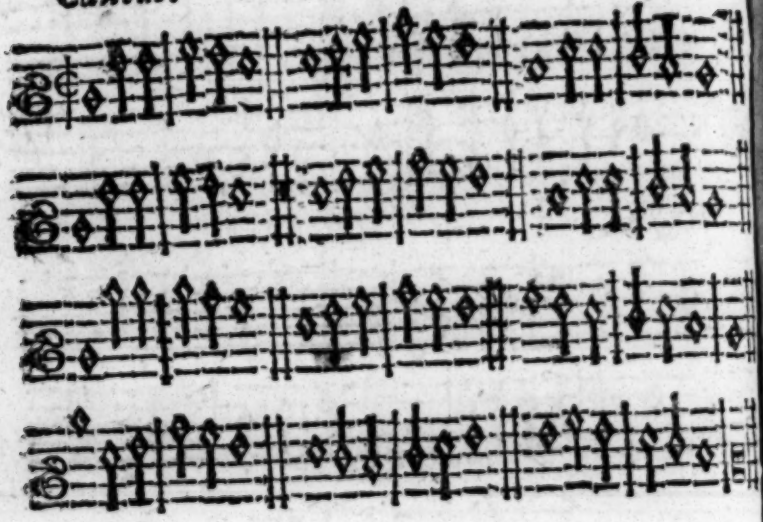


Baſſus.

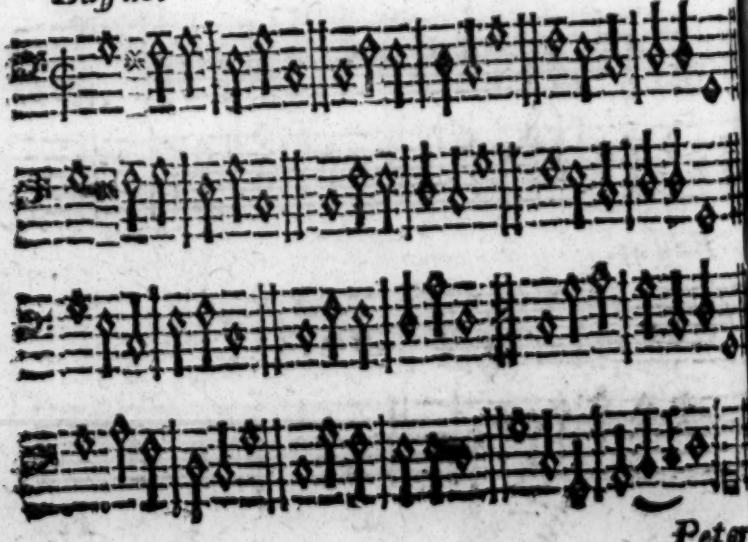


The old 111th *Pſalm Tune.*

Cantus.

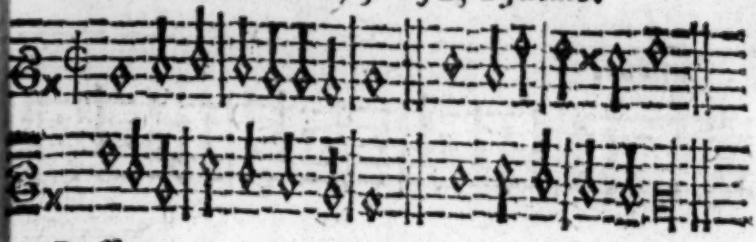


Baſſus.

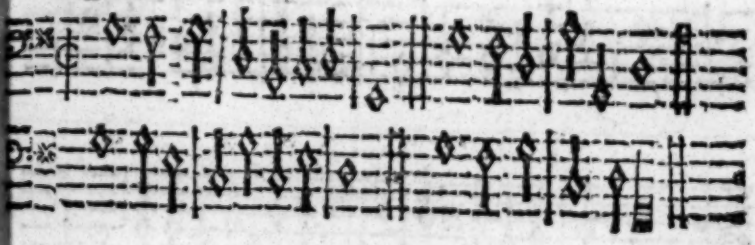


Peterborough Tune.

Cantus. *Old* 107, 132, *Psalms.*

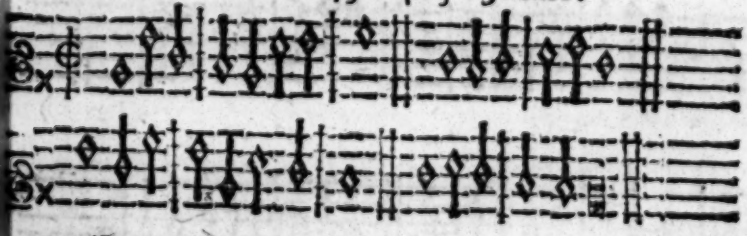


Bassus.

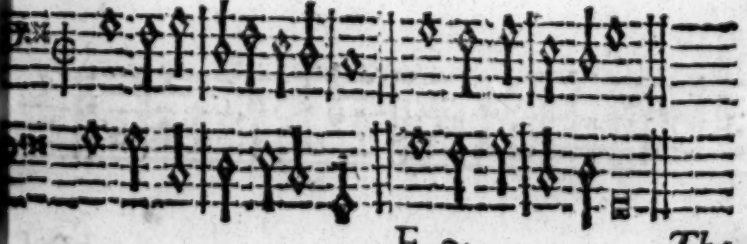


Glocester Tune.

Cantus. *Old* 114, 146, *Psalms.*

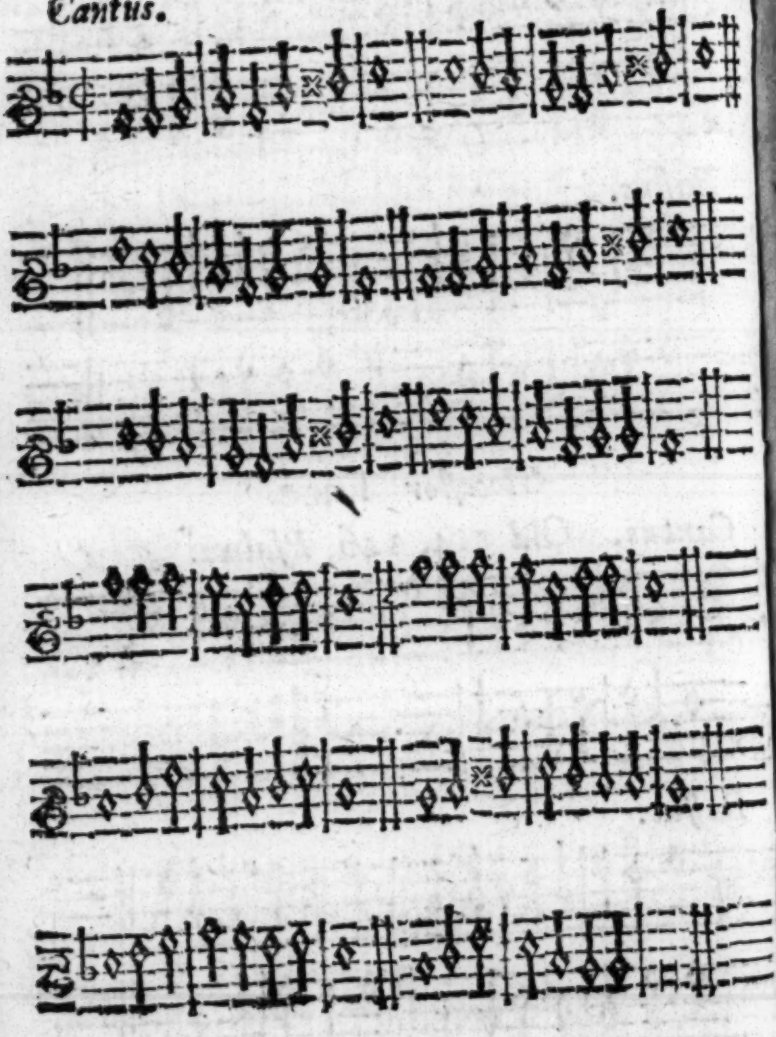


Bassus.



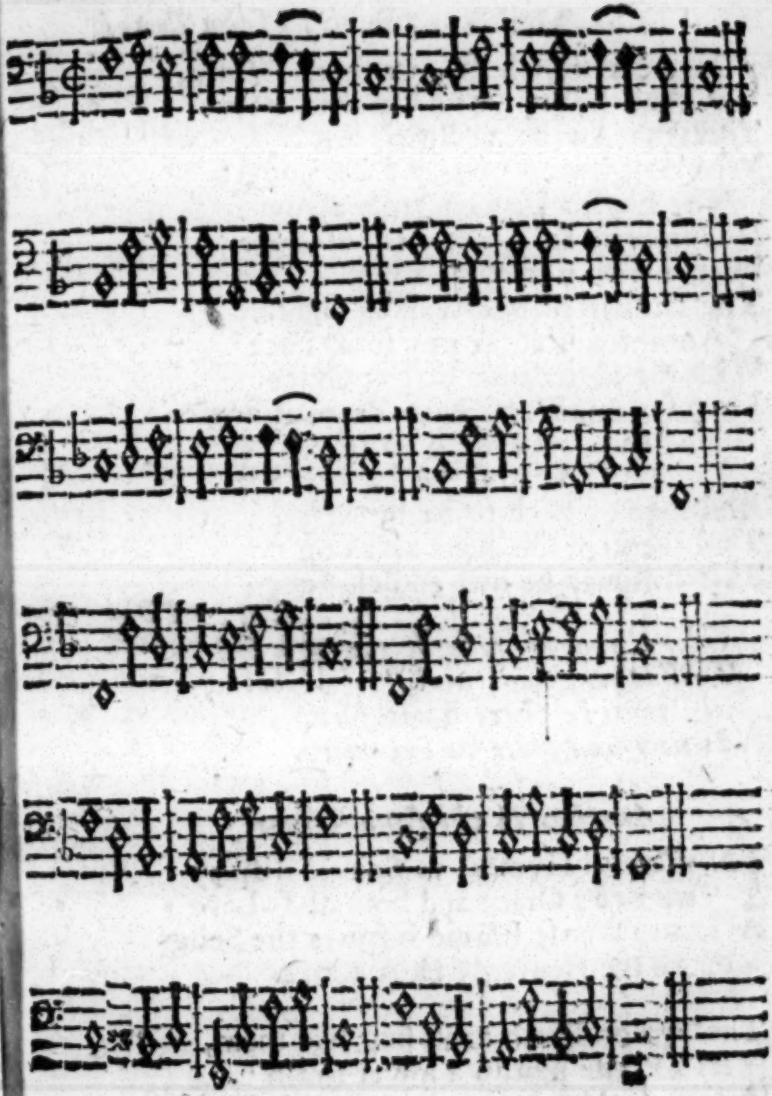
The 113th *Pſalm Tune.*

Cantus.



Baſ-

Baſſus.



A HYMN *for* Whit-Sunday.

[*To St.* Mark's *or the* 100 *Pſalm Tune.*]

COme Holy Ghoſt, our Souls inſpire,
And lighten with Celeſtial Fire;
Thou the Anointing Spirit art,
Who doſt thy ſeven-fold Gifts impart.
Thy bleſſed Unction from above
Is Comfort, Life, and Fire of Love;
Enable with perpetual Light
The Dulneſs of our blinded Sight.
Anoint and chear our ſolid Face
With the abundance of thy Grace.
Keep far our Foes, keep Peace at home;
Where thou art Guide no Ill can come.
Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee of both to be but one;
That through the Ages all along
This ſtill may be our endleſs Song;

Glory and Honour be given moſt,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt;
As 'twas in Ages heretofore,
Is now and ſhall be evermore.

Another to the ſame Tunes.

IN grateful Hymns, ye Saints, diſplay
Jehovah's Grace and boundleſs Love;
A Love, whoſe Flame inſpires the Songs
of all the Heavenly Hoſt above.

Tho' we on Earth can't ſing like them,
let's Praiſe him in a lower ſtrain:
A fervent Mind, that breathes his Praiſe
with ſtammering Lips, He'l not diſdain.

Eter-

Eternal Father, we adore
thy Love that mov'd Thee to expoſe
The Sacred Body of thy Son
To bear the Wounds due to thy Foes.

And Thee, dear Saviour, we adore,
who didſt endure th' invenom'd Sting
Of Death, and every dreadful Curſe,
Juſtice provok'd by Sin could bring.

While we behold Thee on thy Croſs,
in every Wound thy Love appears,
Dearer than Life, more ſtrong than Death,
flowing in Streams of Blood and Tears.

To bathe our Souls defil'd by Sin,
Lord, we approach this Sacred Flood;
To heal our broken Hearts, we ſeek
the Sovereign Balſam of thy Blood.

'Tis from this Living Stream our Souls,
our dying Souls new Life derive;
This is the Sacred Oil of Joy,
that can deſponding Minds revive.

O King of Glory, on us ſhine,
who thy own Table now ſurround;
Let not our Sins eclipſe thy Face,
ſince Thou haſt ſuch a Ranſom found.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
all Praiſe and Glory be therefore;
As in Beginning was, is now,
and ſo ſhall be for evermore.

A HYMN *for Chriſtmas or Eaſter Day.*

[*To* Sunderland *or the* 100 *Pſalm Tune.*]

TUne up your ſelves my Heart-ſtrings high,
let us aloft our Voices raiſe,
That our loud Songs may reach the Sky,
and there preſent to thee our Praiſe.

To Thee, Bleſt Jeſu, who cam'ſt down
from thoſe bright Spheres of Joy above,
To purchaſe us a dear bought Crown,
and woe our Souls to 'ſpouſe thy Love.

Long had the World in Darkneſs ſate,
till Thou and thy All-glorious Light
Began to dawn from Heaven's fair Gate,
and with thy Beams diſpell'd their Night.

We too, alas! ſtill there had ſtood,
as common Slaves in that ſame Shade,
But JESUS came and with his Blood,
our general Ranſom freely paid.

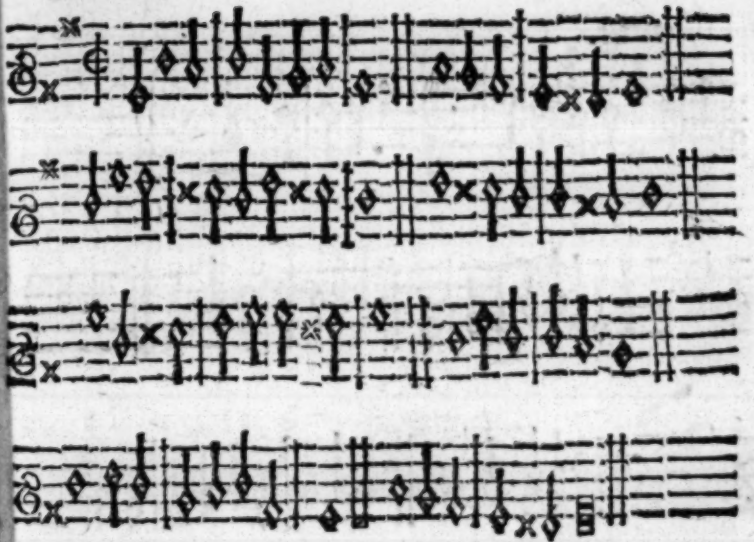
Not all the Spight of all the *Jews*,
nor Death it ſelf could him remove,
Still He his bleſt Deſigns purſues,
and gives his Life to gain our Love.

Come let us then our Voices raiſe,
with joyful Hearts our Thanks to pay,
And glory in our Saviour's Praiſe,
on this his moſt triumphant Day.

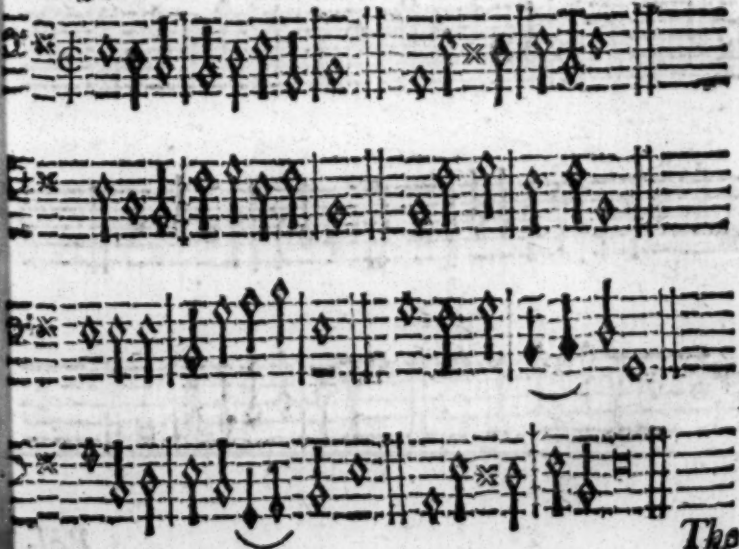
To Father Son and Holy Ghoſt,
The God of Angels ſacred Hoſt,
Be Honour, Glory, Praiſe and Pow'r,
From this time forth for evermore.

The 119th *Pſalm Tune.*

Cantus.

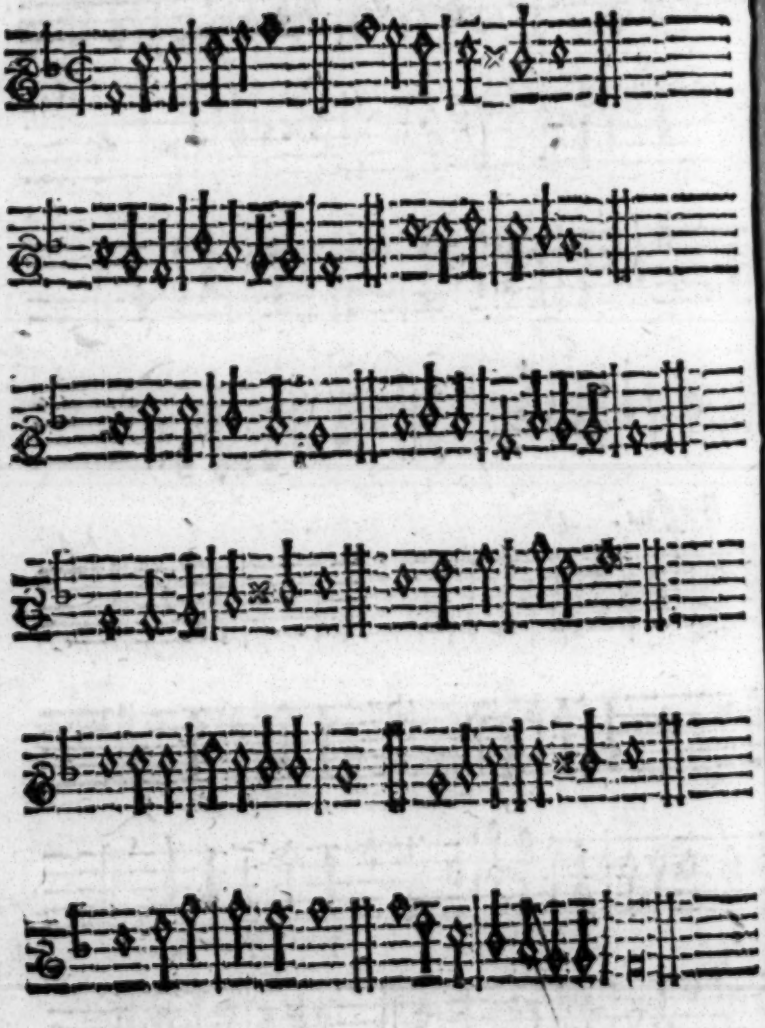


Baſſus.



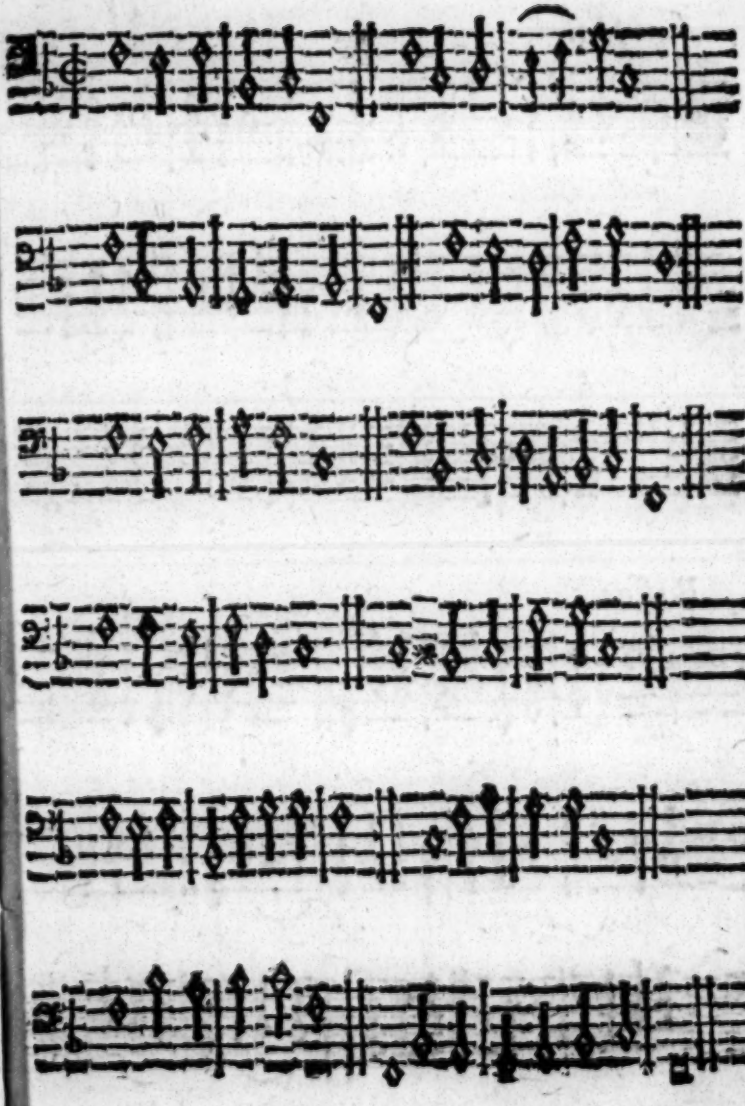
The 122d *Pſalm Tune.*

Cantus.



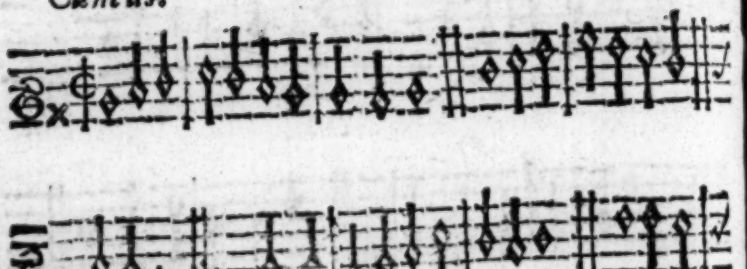
Baſ-

Baſſus.

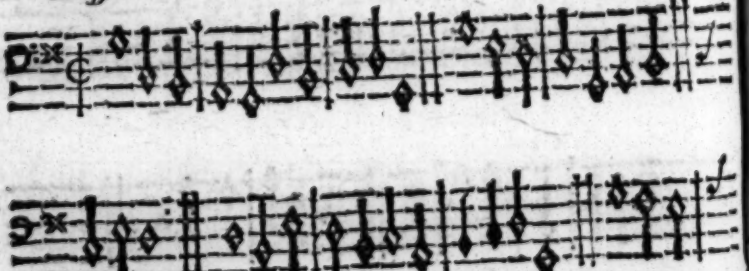


The 124th *Psalm Tune.*

Cantus.



Bassus.



The

The 124th *PSALM.*

[*To the ſame Tune.*]

HAD not the Lord, (let thankful *Iſrael* ſay)
had not the Lord been pleas'd to interpoſe
for our Relief, when Men againſt us roſe;
Their ſwelling Rage, in that moſt diſmal Day,
Had ſoon o'erwhelm'd and ſnatch'd us quite away.

But God be bleſs'd, his Praiſe we will declare,
whoſe Mercy did our ſentenc'd Lives reprieve,
and from their Jaws the panting Prey retrieve.
Our heedleſs Souls, by his moſt watchful Care,
Are 'ſcap'd, like Birds, out of the Fowler's Snare.

The Snare is broke which they ſo cloſely laid,
and we to Life and Libety reſtor'd.
Therefore on him, our ever gracious Lord,
We will rely, and ſtill depend for Aid,
On God, the God whom Earth and Heaven made.

The 54th *Pſalm, to the ſame Tune.*

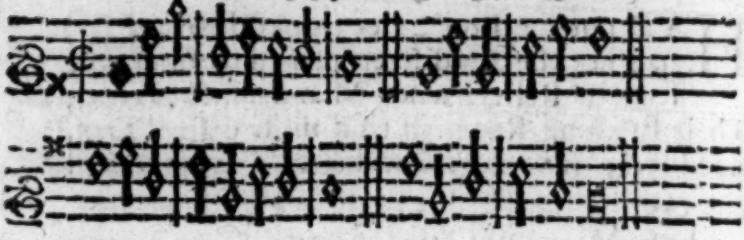
TO ſave me, Lord, thy Truth and Pow'r diſplay;
hear my Complaint, and to my words incline!
Strangers, and ſuch as fear no God, combine
To make my Soul, my guiltleſs Soul, their Prey:
But God will give my Friends and me the Day.

The God of Truth ſhall my falſe Foes requite;
Then to his Courts free Off'rings I will bring,
to his bleſs'd Name with Praiſe and Comfort ſing:
When he from Cares has freed my Soul outright,
And my proud Foes diſpers'd before my Sight.

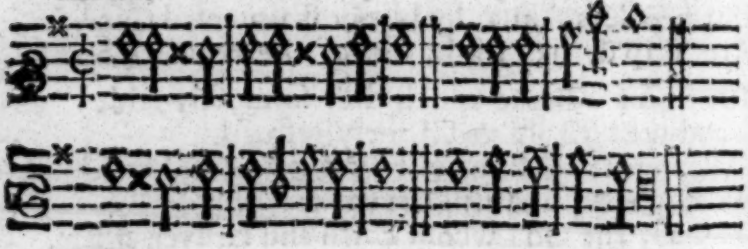
To God moſt high, the Father and the Son,
and Holy Ghoſt, all Worſhip, Thanks and Praiſe
be now aſcrib'd, as in the former Days,
From Time's firſt Birth, has conſtantly been done;
And ſo ſhall be, when Time his Courſe has run.

St. *David's* Tune.

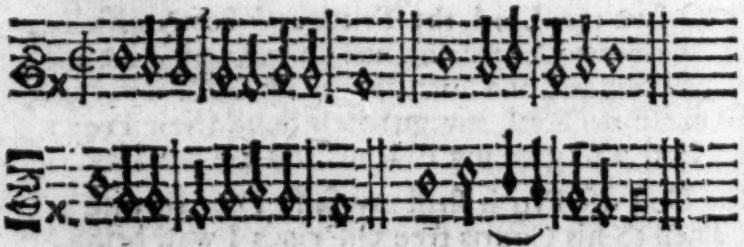
Cantus. *Old* 95, 106, 137. *Pſalms.*



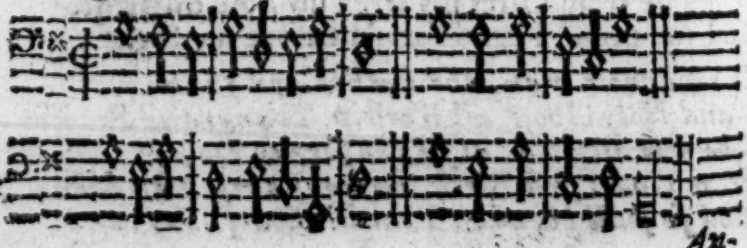
Altus.



Medius.



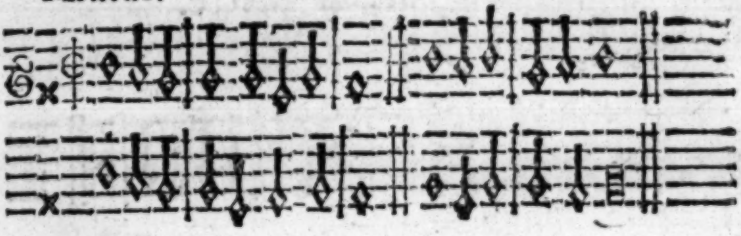
Baſſus.



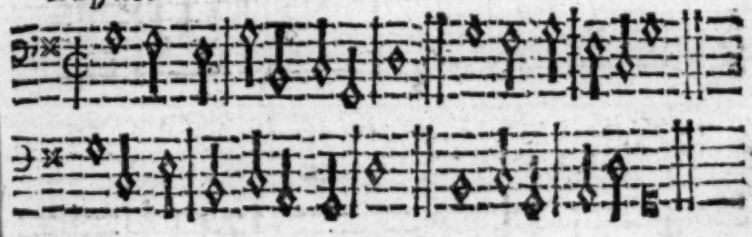
An-

Another Medius *&* Baſſus *to the ſaid Tune.*

Medius.

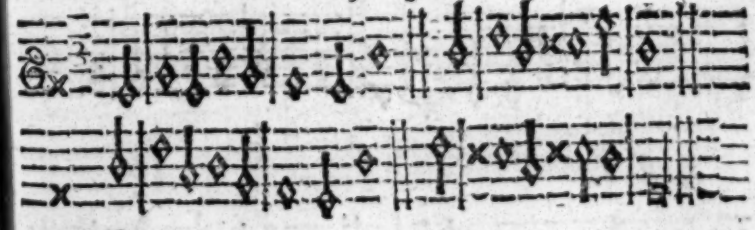


Baſſus.

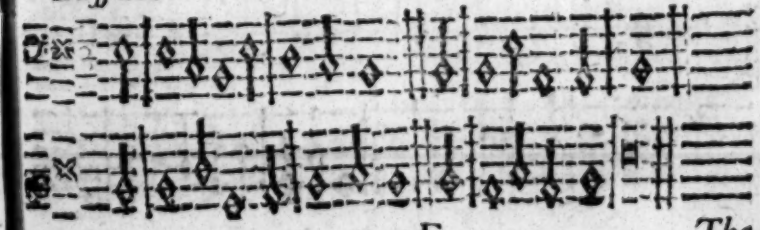


Martyrs Tune.

Cantus. Pſ. 102, 138.

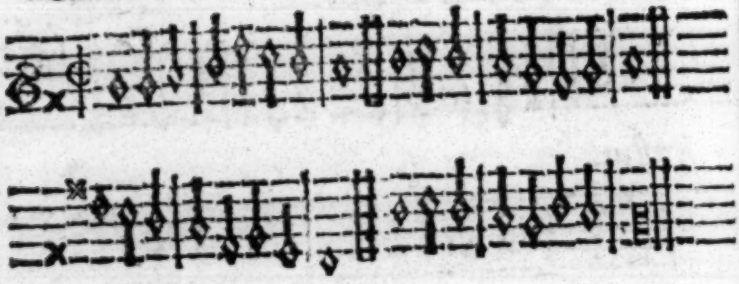


Baſſus.

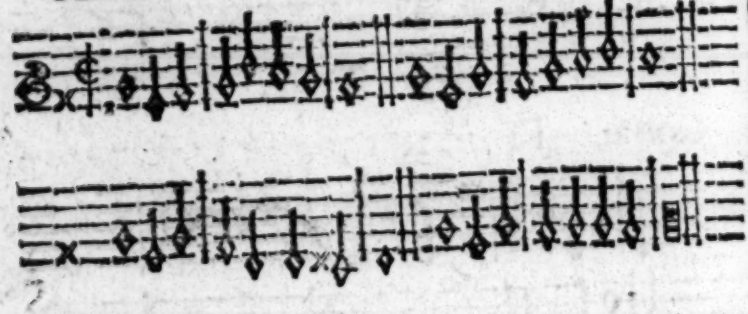


The Ten Commandments Tune; *or* 125th *Pſalm, Second* Metre.

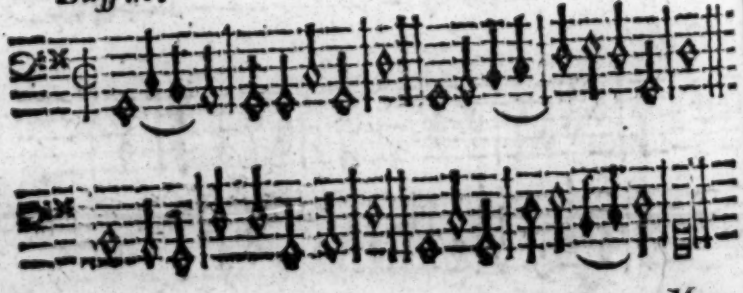
Cantus.



Medius.



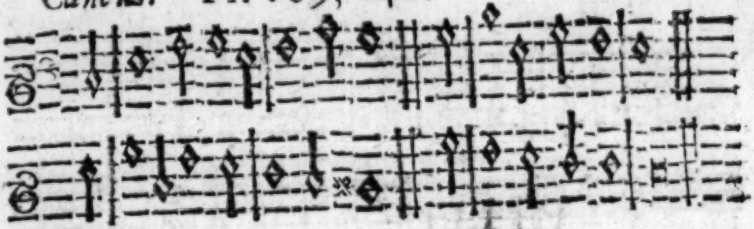
Baſſus.



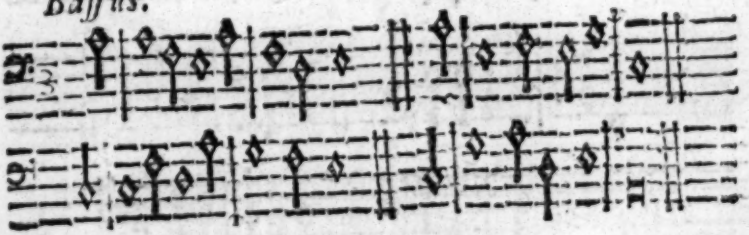
Man-

Manchester Tune.

Cantus. Pſ. 109, 141.

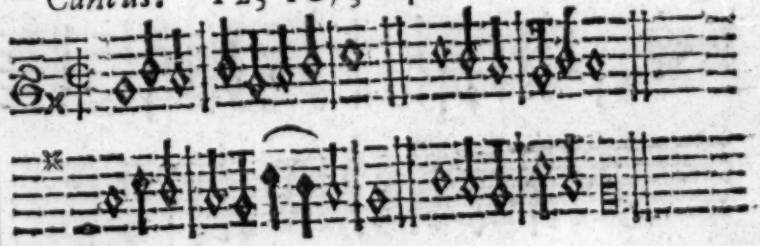


Baſſus.

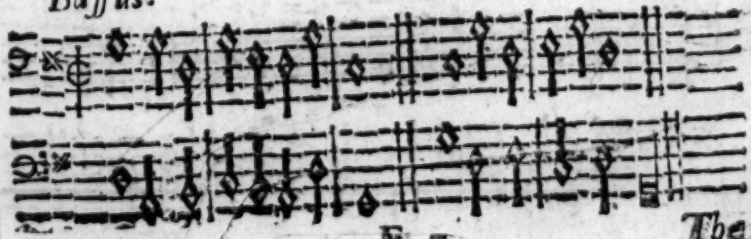


Canterbury Tune.

Cantus. 12, 107, 146.

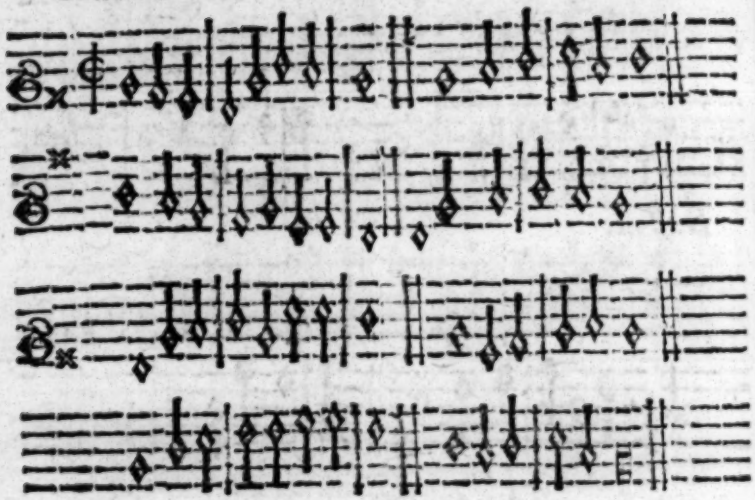


Baſſus.

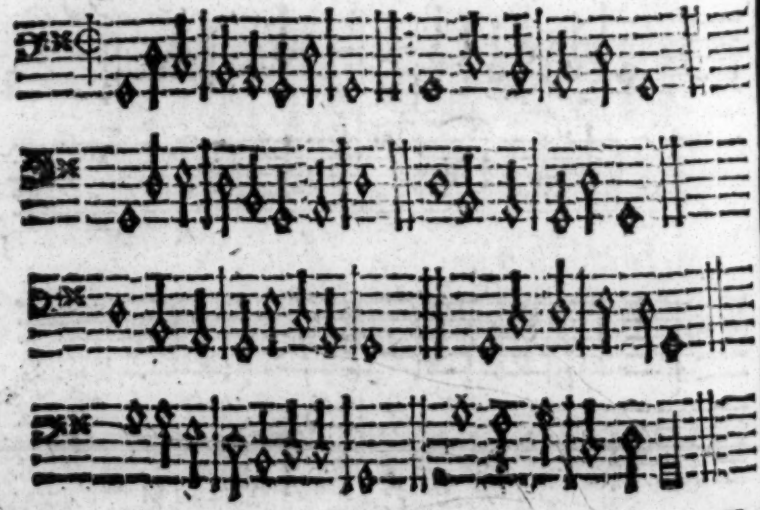


The old 137th *Pſalm Tune.*

Cantus.

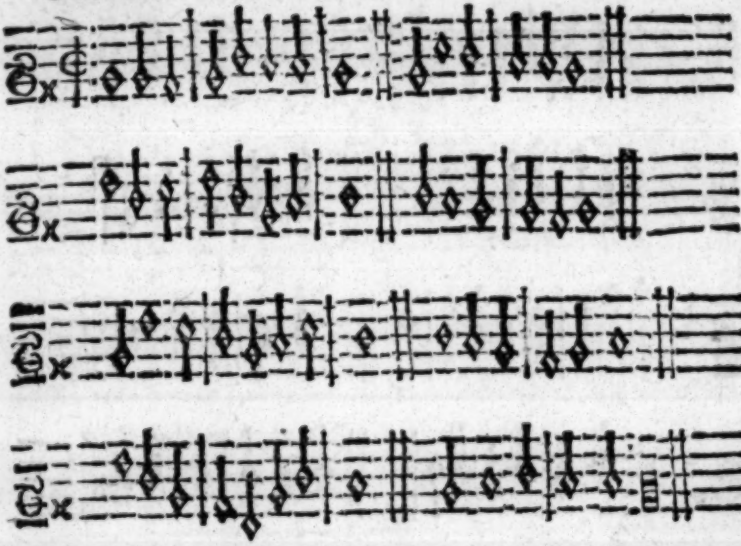


Baſſus.

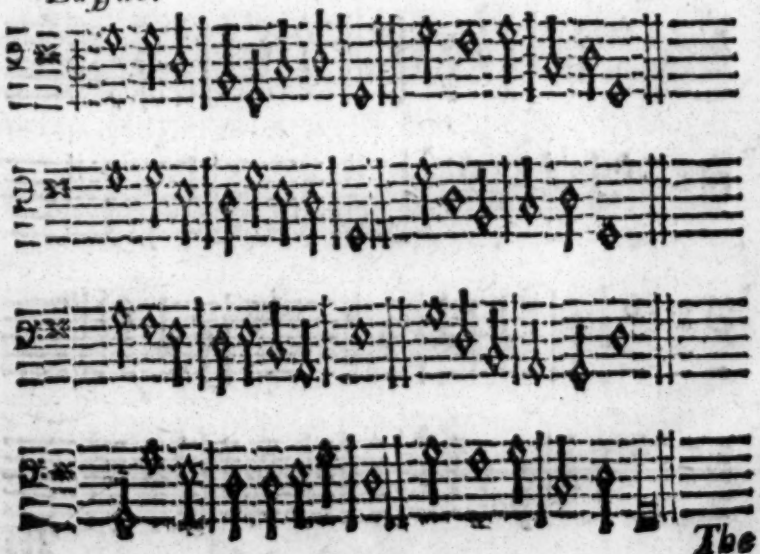


The 138th *Pſalm proper Tune.*

Cantus.

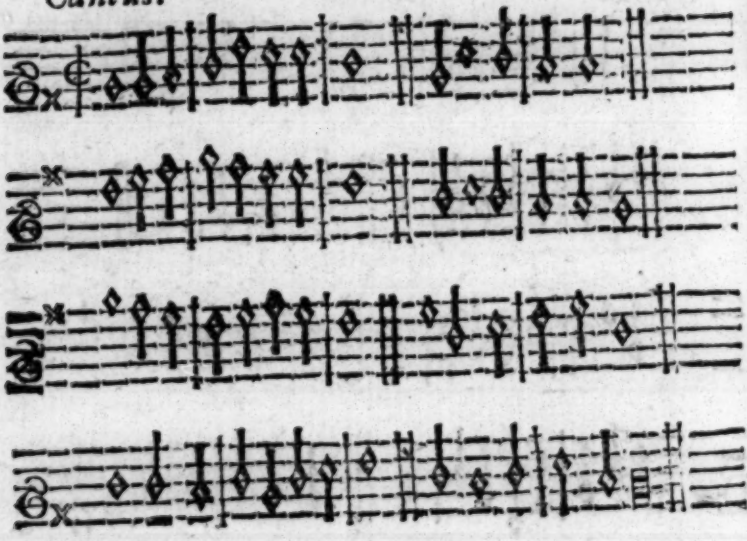


Baſſus.

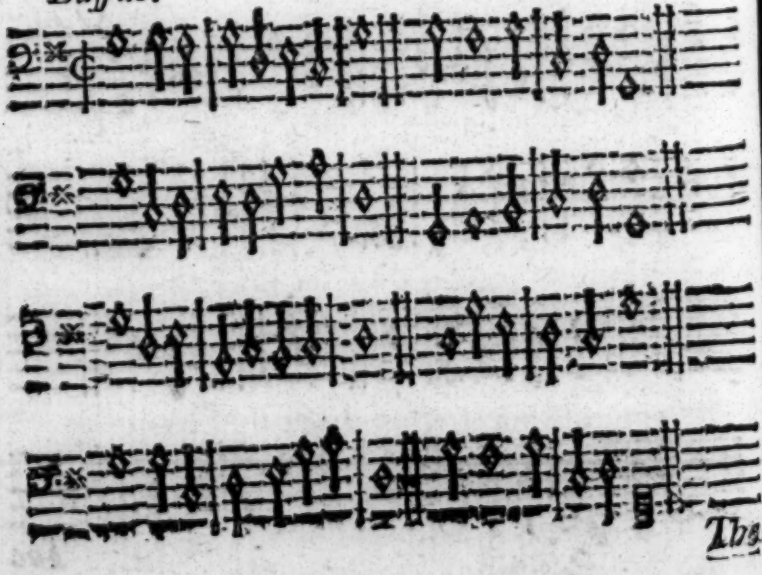


The 145th *Pſalm proper Tune.*

Cantus.

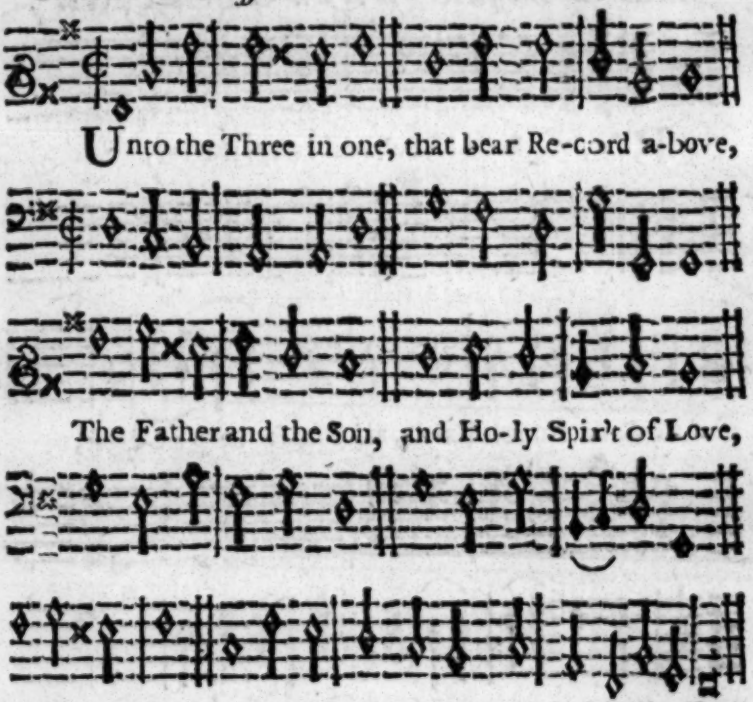


Baſſus.



The 148th *Pſalm proper Tune.*

Cantus & Baſſus. *With a* Gloria Patri.



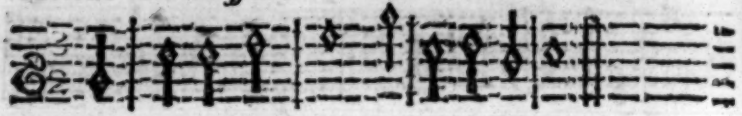
Another Gloria Patri *to the ſame Tune.*

TO God, the Father, Son,
and Spirit, ever bleſt,
Eternal Three in One,
all Worſhip be addreſt;
As heretofore
It was is now, and ſhall be ſo
for evermore.

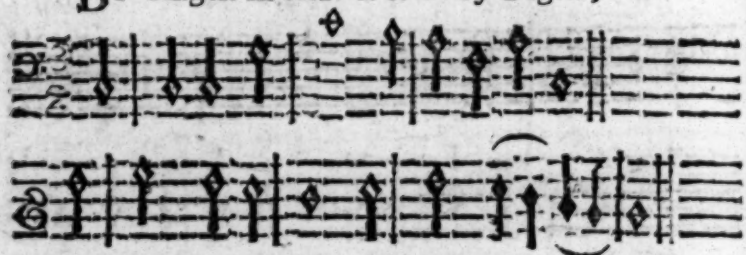
The

The new 149th *or old* 104th *Pſalm Tune.*

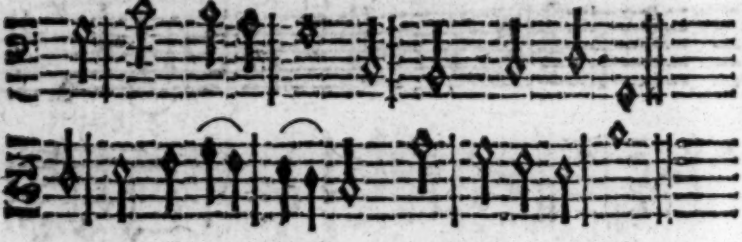
Cantus & Baſſus. With a Gloria Patri.



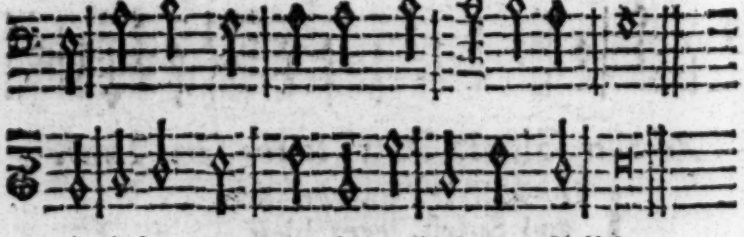
BY Angels in Heav'n of ev'ry Degree,



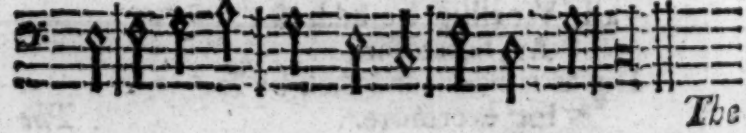
And Saints upon Earth, all Praiſe be ad-dreſt,



To God in Three Perſons, one God e-ver bleſt:



As it has been, now is, and always ſhall be.



The

The 67th *PSALM.*

[*To the ſame Tune.*]

OUR God bleſs us all with Mercy and Love,
the cheriſhing Beams of Favour beſtow;
That Earth his juſt Dealing may ſee and approve,
his healing Salvation all People may know.
Let therefore Mankind, O God, praiſe thy Name,
for Joy ſhout and ſing, to ſee thy juſt ways;
With *wiſdom* thou govern'ſt th' world's mighty *frame*
Let therefore all Nations, O God, give thee Praiſe.
Then ſhall the glad Earth afford her Increaſe;
and God, our own God, ſtill preſent appear,
To bleſs us and ours with Plenty and Peace;
and Earth's remote Borders of him ſtand in Fear.

The 117th *Pſalm, to the ſame Tune.*

THE Praiſe of our God all People repeat;
thro'out the wide World his Triumph extend:
Whoſe Mercy and Kindneſs to us are ſo great!
whoſe Love has no Limit, his Truth has no End.

The *LORDS's PRAER.*

[*To the Tune in* Pag. 48.]

OUR Father which in Heaven art,
Thy Name be hallow'd by each Heart:
Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be done
In Earth, as 'tis in Heav'n thy Throne:
Give us this Day our daily Bread,
That Souls and Bodies may be fed.

Forgive our Treſpaſſes, as we
Forgive them where we treſpaſs'd be:
To no Temptation lead our Will,
But us deliver from all Ill:
For thine the Kingdom, and the Pow'r,
And Glory is for evermore.

The 101ſt *PSALM.*

[*To the Tune in* Pag. 20. *or* 52.]

MErcy I will and Judgment ſing,
To thee, O Lord, from whom they ſpring,
Wiſdom ſhall all my Ways correct:
When wilt thou come and dwell with me?
My whole Affairs, and Family;
I will perfect Heart direct.

No Evil ſhall my Eyes miſguide,
I hate their Works that turn aſide,
no ſuch ſhall in my Favour grow;
Thoſe that are of a froward Heart,
Shall from my Company depart,
no wicked Perſon will I know.

Who hath his Friend with Slander ſtrook
I will cut off; a haughty Look,
a proud Heart, I'll not endure:
Mine Eyes upon the Faithful are,
Him for my Servant I'll declare,
whoſe Hands are juſt, and Heart is pure.

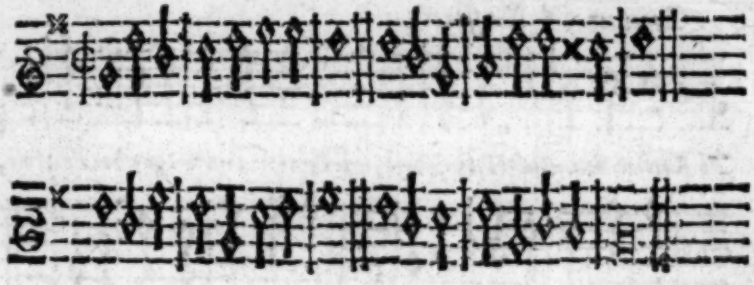
He that doth treach'rous Works deviſe,
That ſpreads abroad malicious Lies,
ſha'n't ſtay within my Houſe, or Sight;
The Wicked of the Land I'd ſlay,
That from God's City ſoon I may
cut off, and root th' ungodly quite.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom Heav'ns Triumphant Hoſt
and ſuff'ring Saints on Earth adore,
Be Glory as in Ages paſt,
As now it is, and ſo ſhall laſt,
when Time its ſelf muſt be no more.

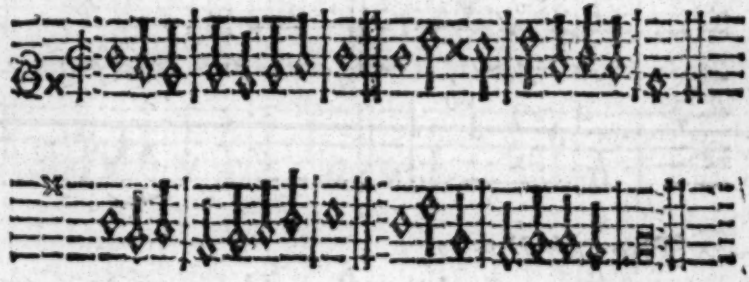
York

YORK new Tune.

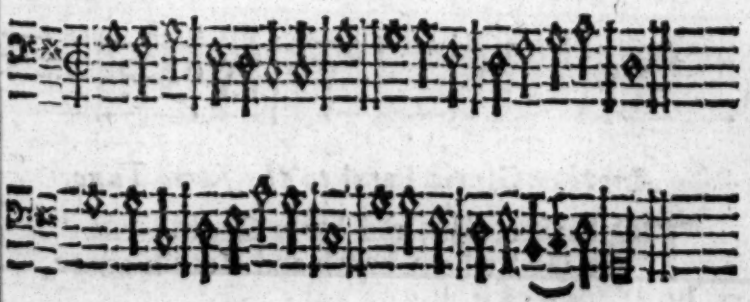
Cantus. New 65, 101, 150, *Psalms.*



Medius.



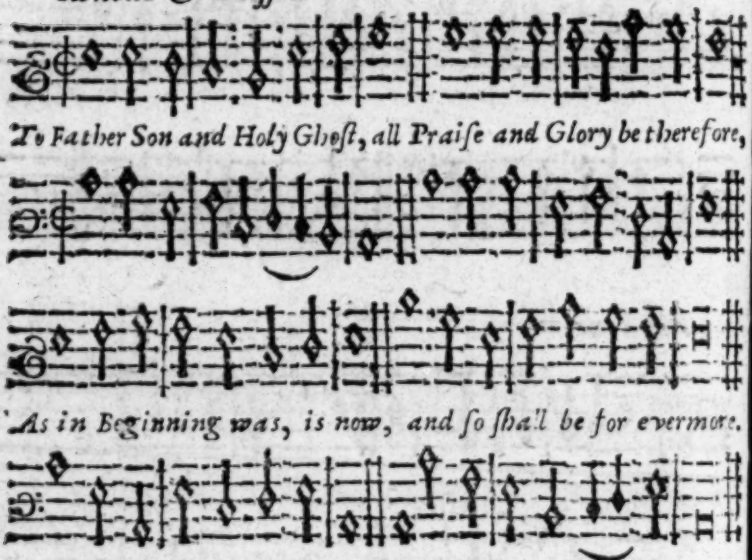
Bassus.



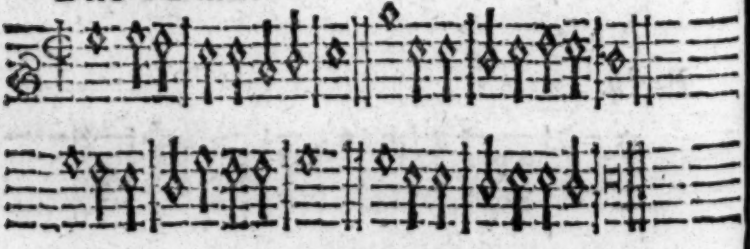
The 100 *Pſalm Tune, with a* Gloria Patri.

In C-fa-ut, *the Natural* Key.

Cantus & Baſſus.



The *Medius.*



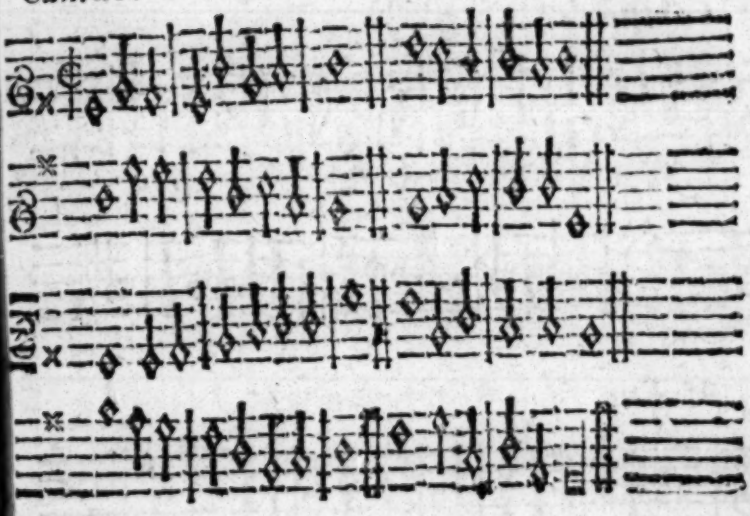
Another Gloria Patri *to the ſame Tune.*

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
the God whom Earth and Heav'n adore,
Be Glory; as it was of old,
is now, and ſhall be evermore.

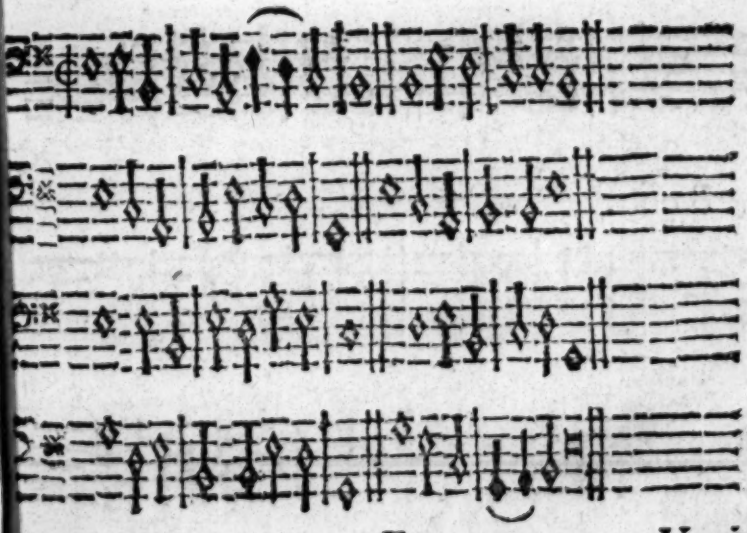
To

Te Deum, *Proper Tune.*

Cantus.

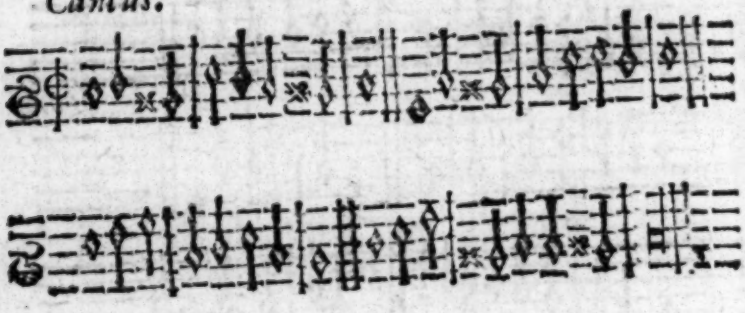


Bassus.

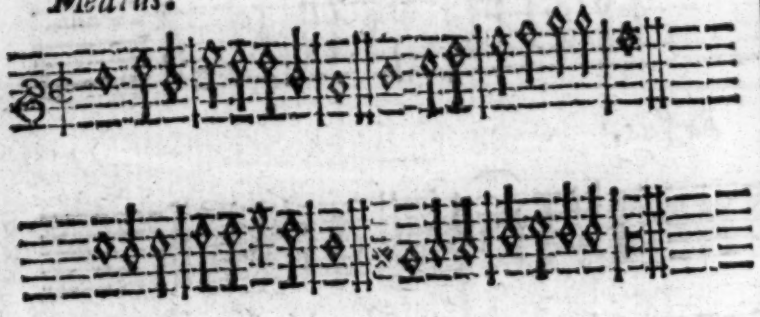


Veni Creator, *First Metre, Proper Tune.*

Cantus.



Medius.



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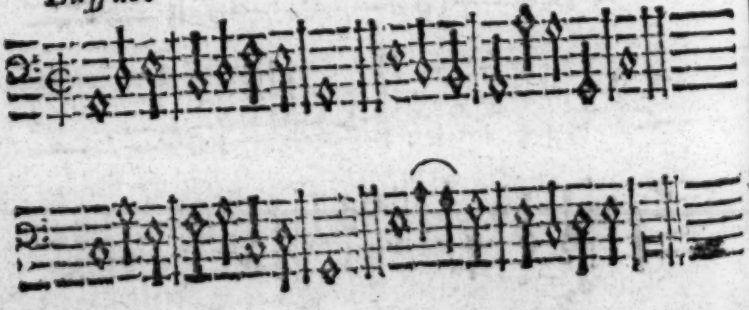
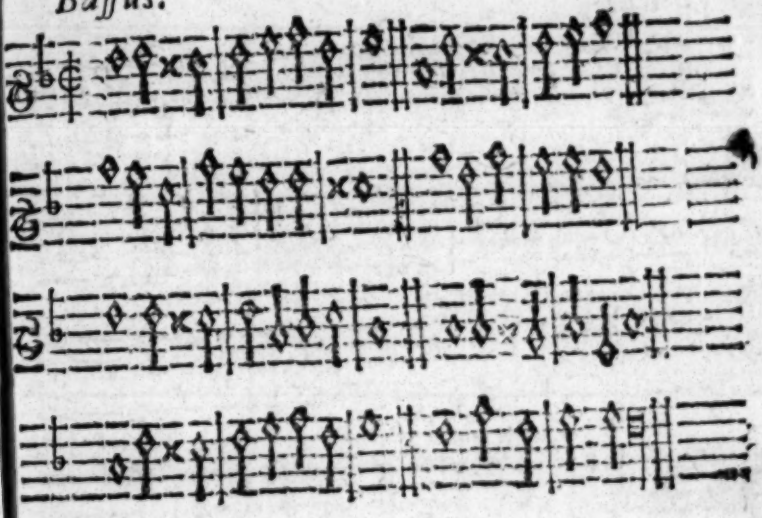
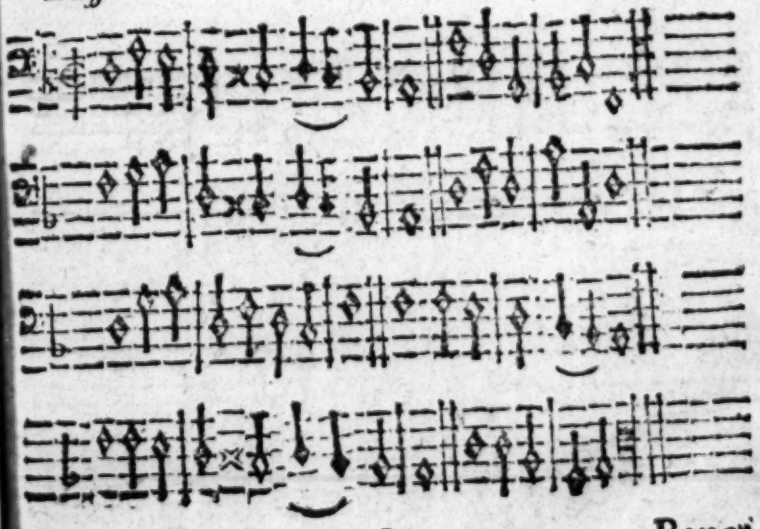


Veni Creator, *Second Metre, Proper Tune.*

Bassus.

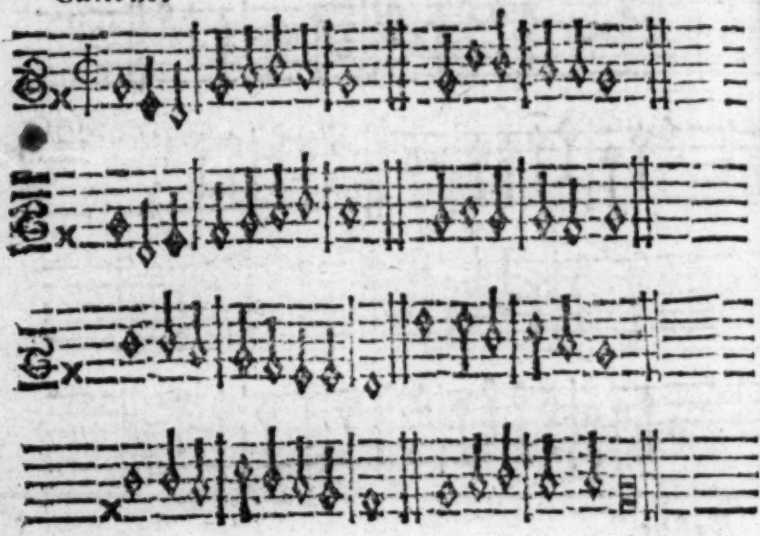


Bassus.

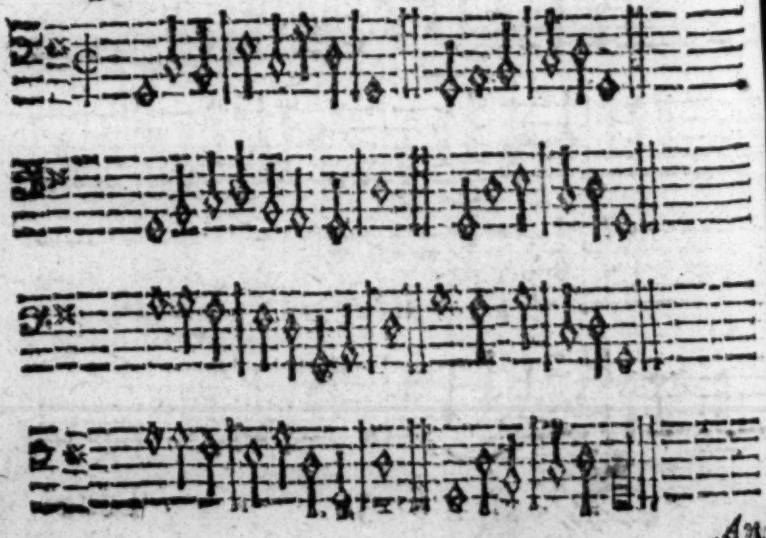


Benedictus, *Proper Tune.*

Cantus.

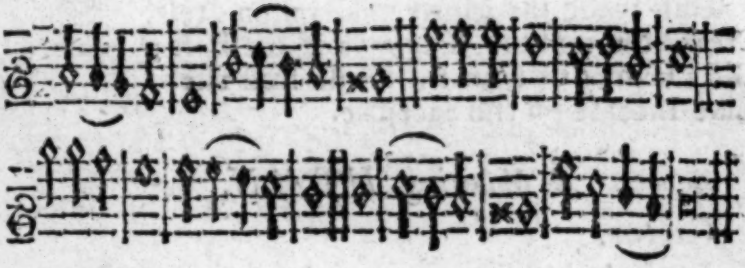


Bassus.

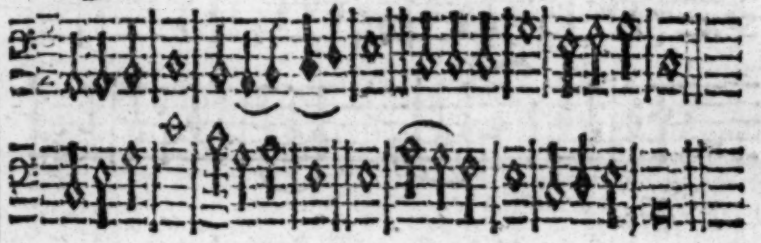


An Evening HYMN.

Cantus.



Baſſus.



SLeep, downey Sleep, come cloſe mine Eyes,
Tir'd with be--holding Va--ni--ties.
Welcome ſweet Sleep that driv'ſt a--way
The Toils and Follies of the Day.

On thy ſoft Boſom will I lie,
Forget the World, and learn to die.
O *Iſrael*'s watchful Shepherd ſpread,
Tents of bleſs'd Angels round my Bed.

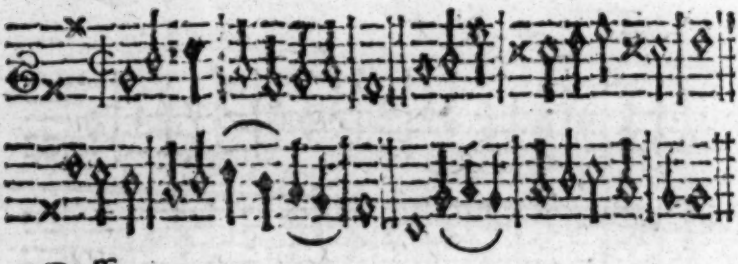
Let not the Spirits of the Air,
Whilſt here I ſlumber, me inſnare.
But guard thy Suppliant free from Harms,
Claſp'd in thine everlaſting Arms.

Clouds and thick Darkneſs are thy Throne,
Thy wonderful Pavillion:
O dart from thence a ſhining Ray,
And then my Midnight ſhall be Day.

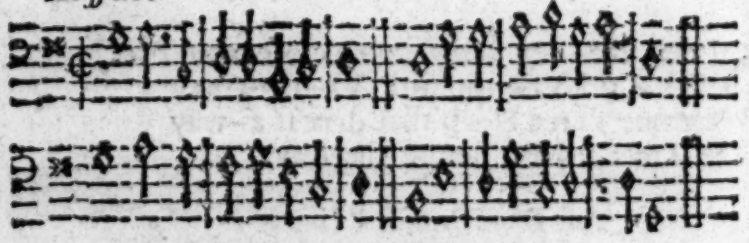
Thus when the Morn in Crimſon dreſt,
Breaks through the Windows of the Eaſt;
Glad Hymns of thankful Praiſe ſhall riſe,
Like Incenſe on the Sacrifice.

A Morning HYMN.

Cantus.



Baſſus.



A--Wake my Soul, a-wake my Eyes.
A-wake my drouzy Fa-cul-ties,
A-wake and ſee the new born Light,
Sprung from the darkſom Womb of Night.

Look up and ſee, th' unweary'd Sun
Already has his Race begun,
The pretty Lark is mounted high,
And ſings his Mattins in the Sky.

Ariſe

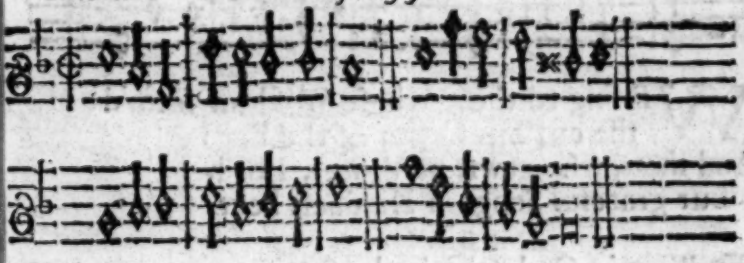
Ariſe my Soul, and thou my Voice,
In Songs of Praiſe early rejoice;
O great Creator, Heavenly King!
Thy Praiſes let me ever ſing.

Thy Pow'r has made, thy Goodneſs kept,
This ſenſleſs Body when I ſlept;
Yet one Day more haſt thou kept me,
From all the Pow'rs of Darkneſs free.

O keep my Soul from Sin ſecure,
My Life unblameable and pure;
That when the laſt of Days ſhall come,
I chearfully may meet my Doom.

St. *Michael*'s Tune.

Cantus. Pſ. 118, 135.



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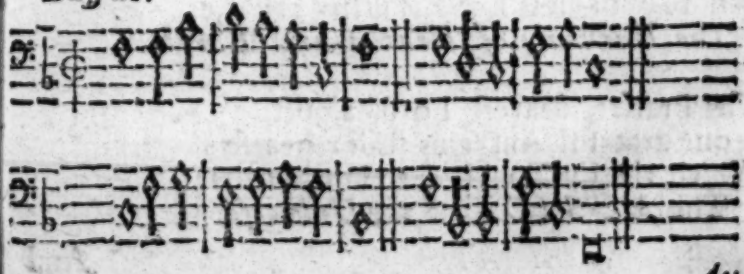
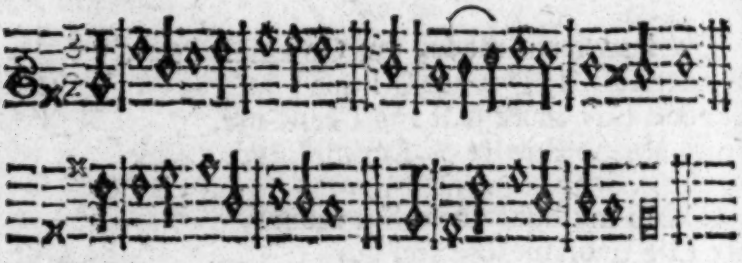


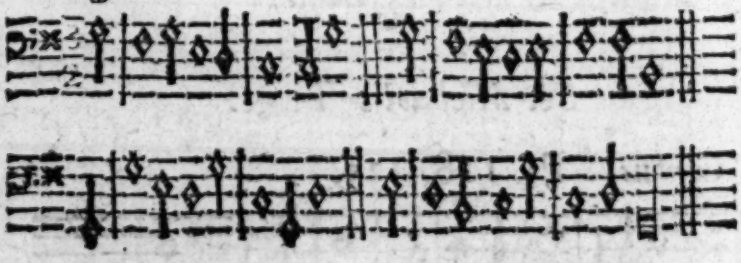
An

An HYMN on the Divine use of Muſick.

Cantus.



Baſſus.



WE ſing to thee, whoſe Wiſdom form'd
the curious Organ of the Ear:
And thou, who gav'ſt us Voices, Lord,
our grateful Songs in Kindneſs hear.

We'll joy in God, who is the Spring
of lawful Joy, and harmleſs Mirth;
Whoſe boundleſs Love is juſtly call'd,
The Harmony of Heav'n and Earth.

Thy Praiſes, deareſt Lord, aloud
our grateful Anthems ſhall rehearſe;
Which rightly Tun'd, are rightly ſtil'd,
The *MUSICK* of the *Univerſe.*

And

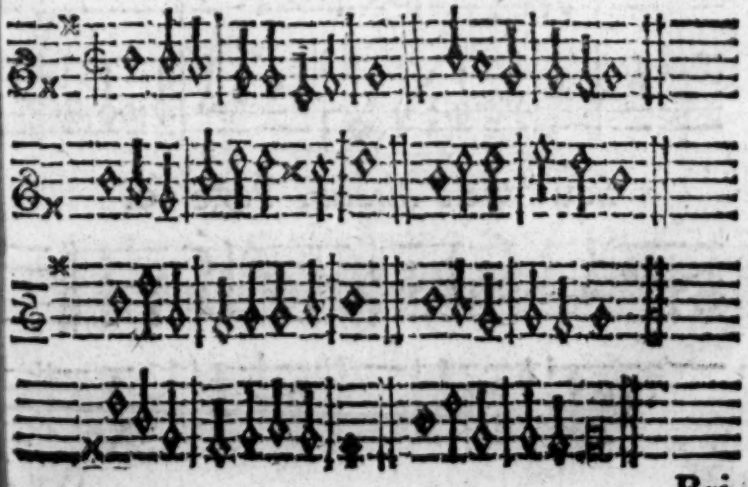
And whilſt we ſing, we'll conſecrate
to Thee that violated Art,
In off'ring up, by ev'ry Tongue,
with ev'ry Song a flaming Heart.

We'll hallow Pleaſure, and redeem
from vulgar Uſe our Tuneful Voice:
Thoſe Lips that wantonly have ſung,
ſhall be imploy'd in nobler Joys.

Thus we, poor Mortals, here on Earth
will imitate the heav'nly Quires;
And in exalted Notes, we'll ſend
in holy Hymns our rais'd Deſires.

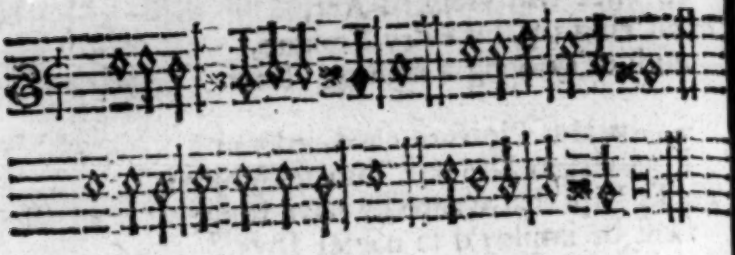
And that we may be ſure above,
when there we come our Part to know;
We'll practice, both at Home and Church,
our *Hallelujahs* here below.

The 3d *Pſalm* Medius, *Page* 16.

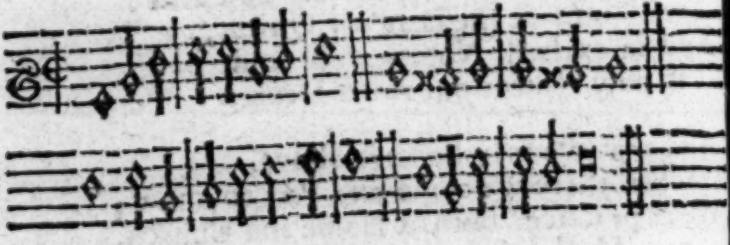


Bri-

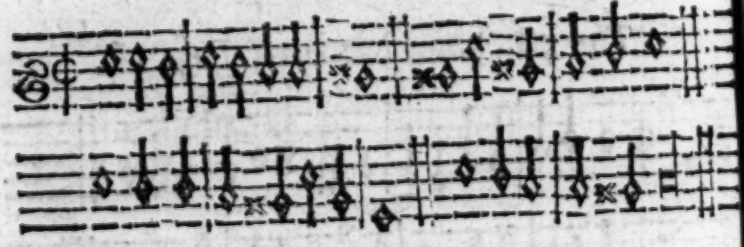
Briſtol *Medius*, Page 17.



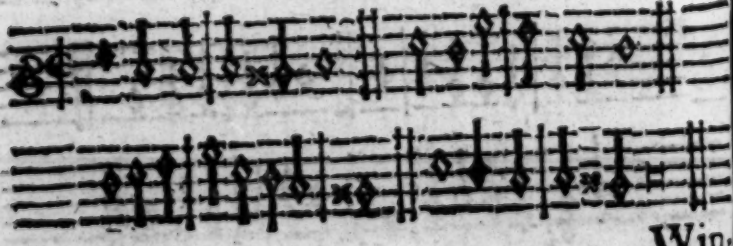
St. Jame's *Medius*, Page 28.



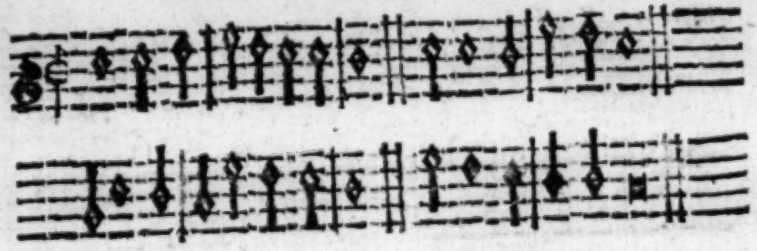
Lichfield *Medius*, Page 28.



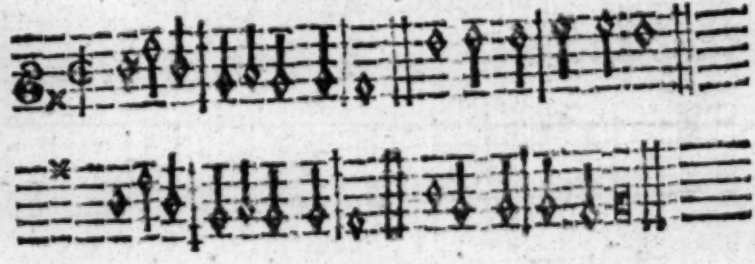
Southwell *Medius*, Page 29.



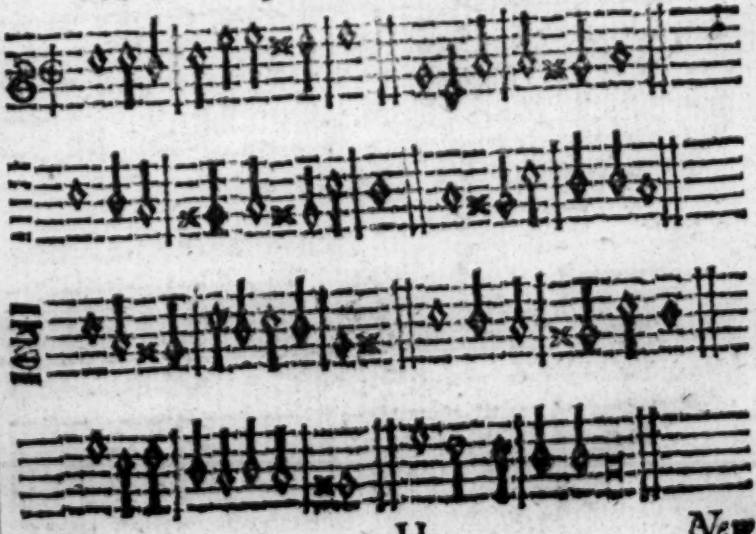
Windſor *Medius*, Page 29.



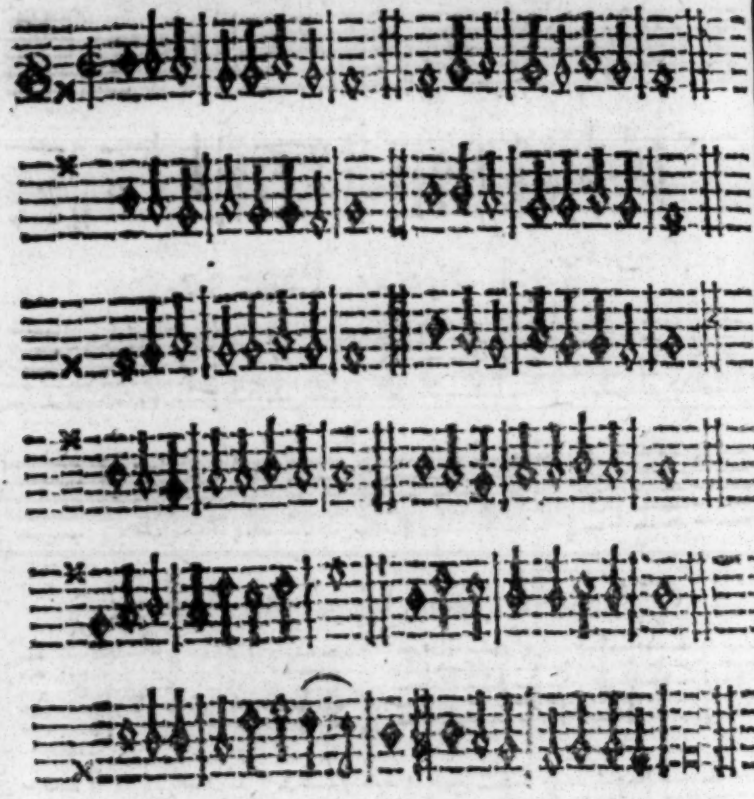
York *Medius*, Page 30.



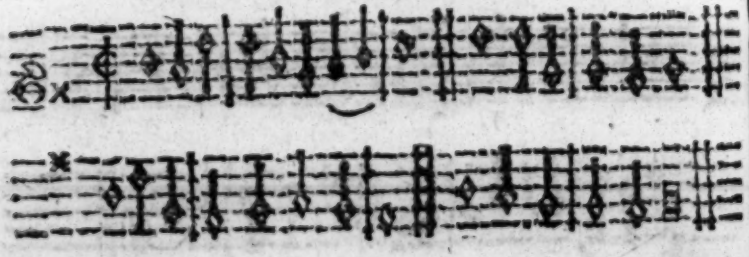
Old 1Sth *Pſalm* Medius, *Page* 22.



New 63d *Pſalm* Medius, *Page* 20.



Gloceſter Medius, *Page* 51.



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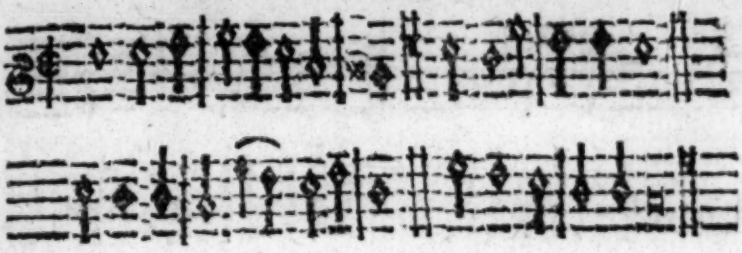
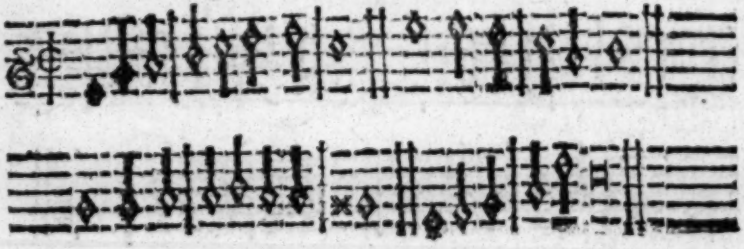
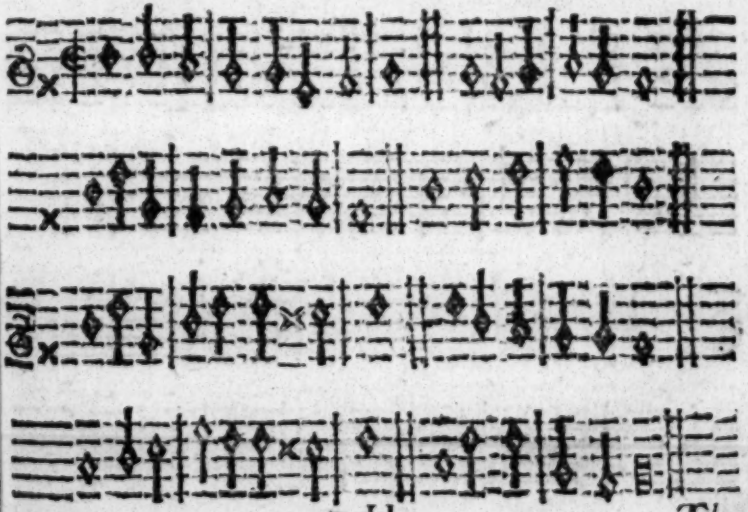
Wolverhampton *Medius*, Page 30.



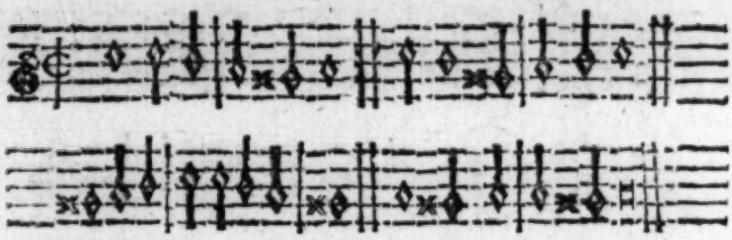
St. *Ann*'s Medius, *Page* 31.



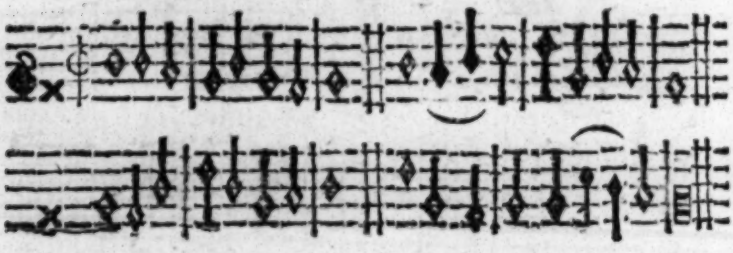
Old 68th *Pſalm* Medius, *Page* 36.



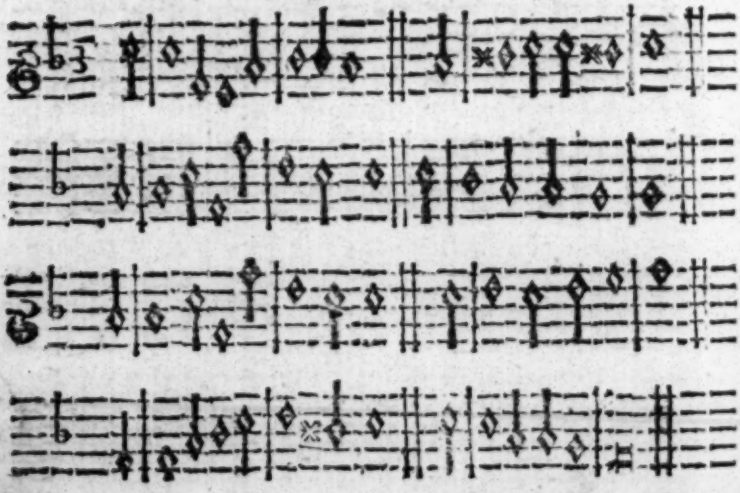
The 67th *Pſalm* Medius, *Page* 37.



Sunderland *Medius*, Page 40.



The 81ſt *Pſalm* Medius, *Page* 38.



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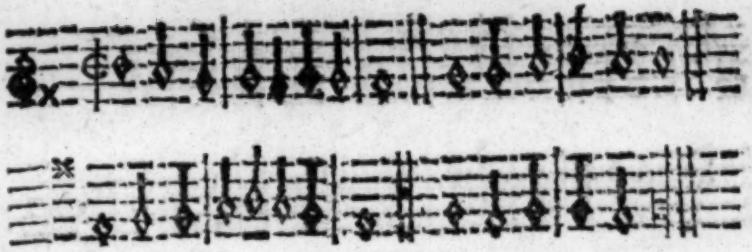
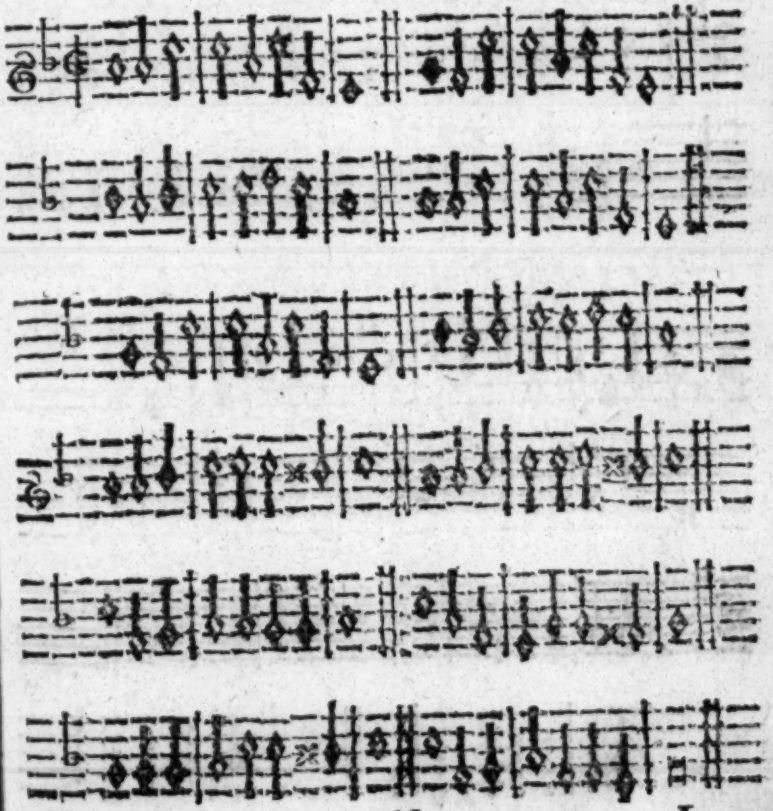
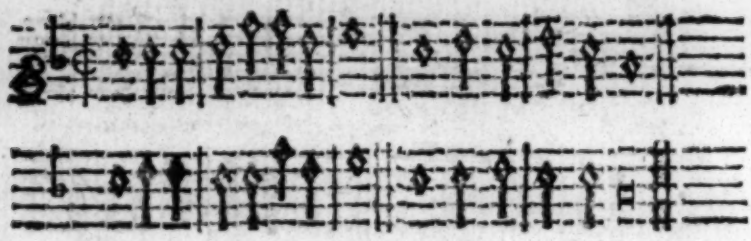
Durham *Medius*, Page 40.



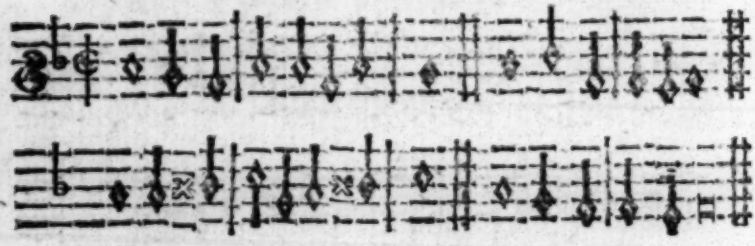
The 113th *Pſalm* Medius, *Page* 52.



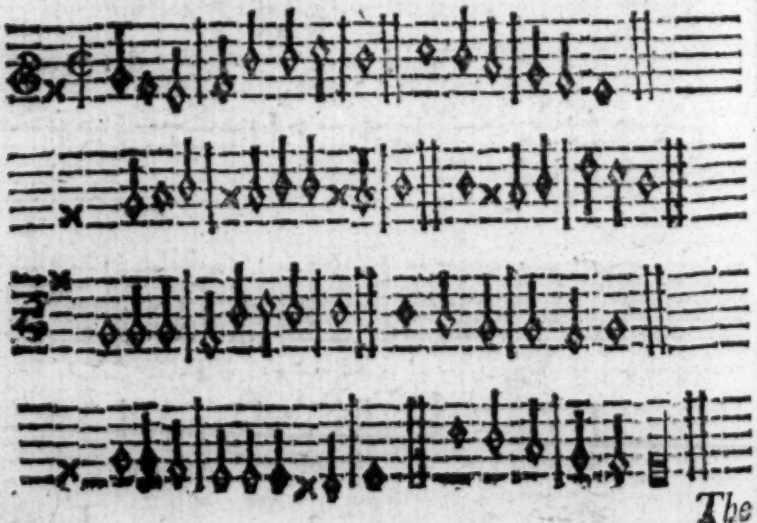
London *new Tune* Altus, *Page* 49.



London *new Tune* Medius, *Page* 49.



The 119th *Pſalm* Medius, *Page* 57.



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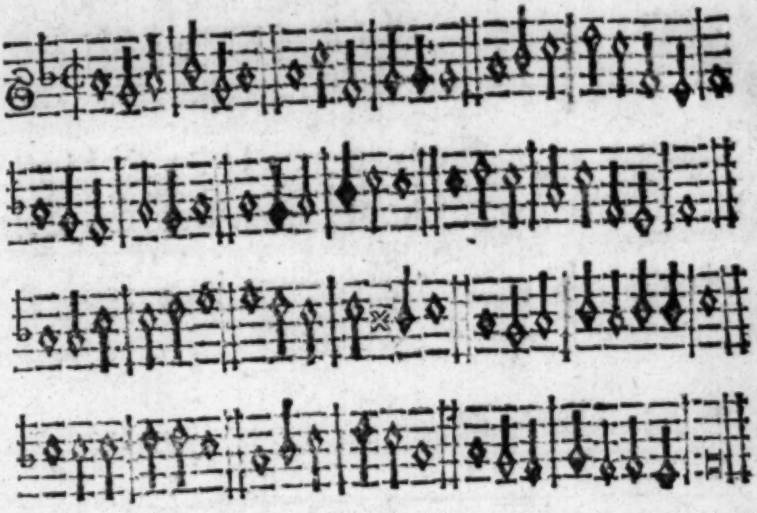
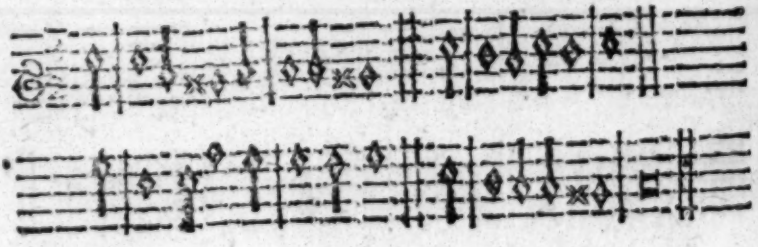
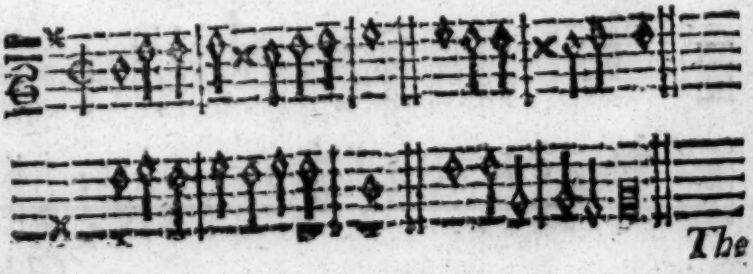
The 122d *Pſalm* Medius, *Page* 58.



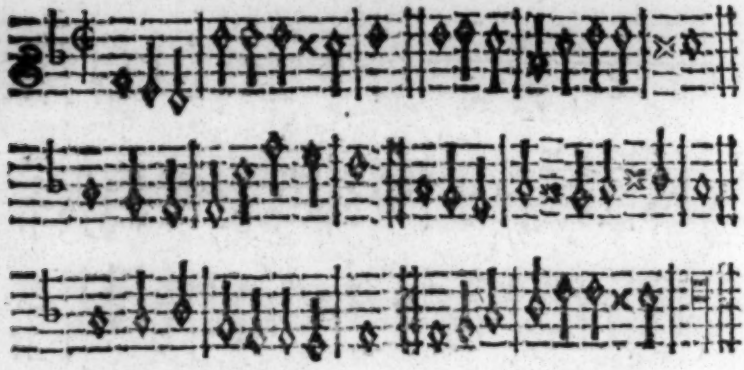
Mancheſter *Medius*, Page 65.



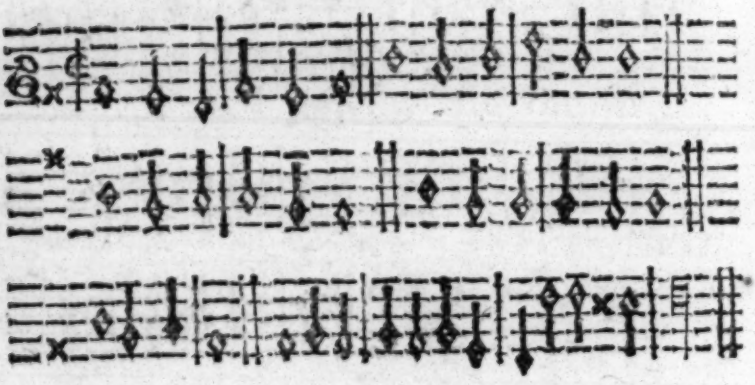
Canterbury *Medius*, Page 65.



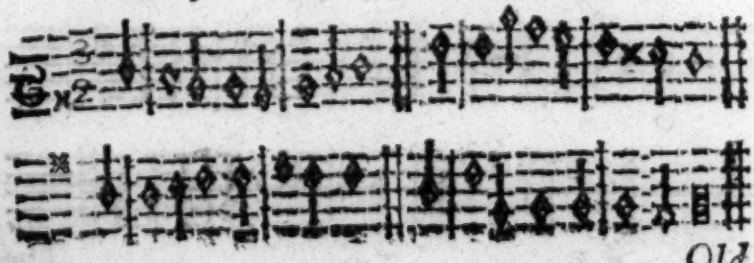
The 112th *Pſalm* Medius, *Page* 48.



The 148th *Pſalm* Medius, *Page* 69.

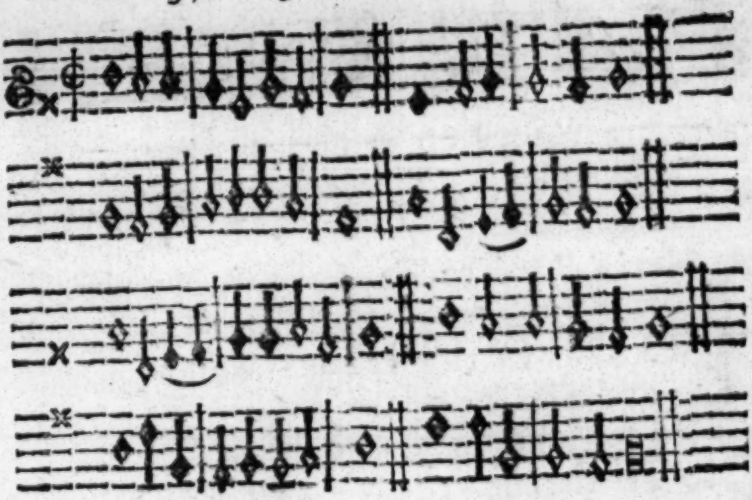


The Muſick Hymn Medius, *Page* 82.

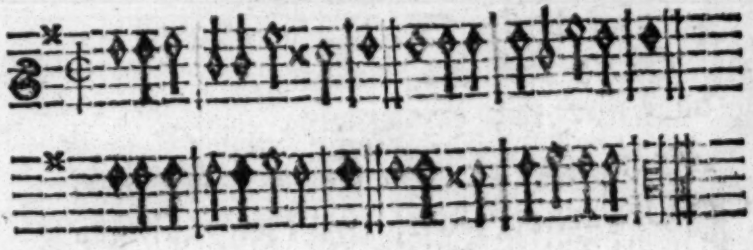


Old

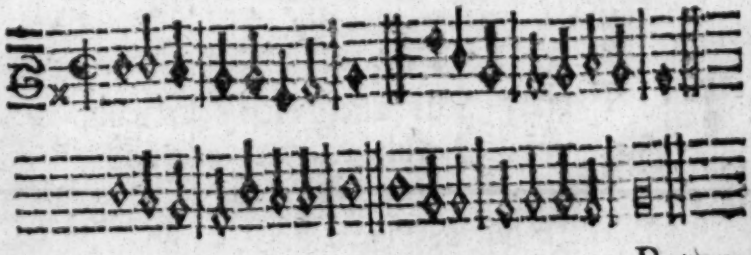
Old 137th *Pſalm* Medius, *Page* 66.



The 100th *Pſalm* Altus, *Page* 45.



The 100th *Pſalm* Medius, *Page* 45.



Peter-

Peterborough *Medius*, Page 51.

A *Gloria Patri* to be Sung in *Southwell*, St. *Peter*'s, or the 67th *Pſalm* Tune.

TO GOD the Father, Son,
and Spirit, Glory be;
As 'twas, and is, and ſhall be ſo,
to all Eternity.

Another of the ſame Meaſure.

TO Father and the Son,
and Holy Ghoſt therefore;
All Glory to the Trinity,
be done for evermore.

A Gloria Patri *for Common Meaſure.*

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
all Glory be therefore.
As in Beginning was, is now,
and ſhall be evermore.

Another.

TO Father Son and Holy Ghoſt,
the GOD whom we adore;
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
and ſhall be evermore.

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HYMNS on ſeveral Occaſions.

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ERRATA.

PAge 36. the 14th Note in *Cantus* on the Third Line ſhould be in the Second Space. Page 51 the Fifth Note in *Baſſus* ſhould be in the Fourth Space, and the 20th Note is wanting in the ſecond Space Page 59. the 19th Note is wanting in the ſecond Space. Page 70. the Ninth Note in the *Baſſus* ſhould be in the fourth Space.

*** *Note*, All Pſalms of Praiſe and Thankſgiving ſhould be Sung to Chearful Aire Tunes, *viz.* Weſtminſter, St. James's, 81ſt, Sunderland, Durham, London new Tune, St. Davids, *&c.*

All Penitential Pſalms, and Pſalms of Prayer ſhould be Sung to Grave Mournful Tunes, ſuch as Old *London*, *Briſtol*, New 32d, Old 51ſt, New *Lichfield*, *Southwell*, *Manchester*, Martyrs, *&c.*

FINIS.